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LITTLE-KNOWN SISTERS OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

MARY ANN LAMB.

LIBRARY

Little-Known Sisters
OF
Well-Known Men

BY
SARAH GERTRUDE POMEROY, A. M.
Author of "A Loyal Little Subject,"
"A Festival of Light," etc.

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THE COLONIAL PRESS
C. H. SIMONDS & CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

TO MY DEAR

Father and Mother

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INTRODUCTION

In preparing this series of biographical sketches, the author has wandered far afield and has collected data from many sources. The substance of four chapters was embodied in a thesis presented for the Master's degree at Boston University and the material for three others was collected in the library of the British Museum while the author was pursuing further graduate study in England. But the volume as it stands to-day represents much further research and revision.

The fact that the manuscript was begun without any thought of publication and that the work has covered several years of research in the libraries of many different towns and cities has made it impossible always to give credit for the origin of material. Wherever possible, the author of a direct quotation has been credited in the text; and, in a bibliograph published at the end of the volume, an effort has been made to name the principal works which have been consulted. But the fact that

five of the women whose lives are here presented have never previously been the subject of any biographical sketch has made it necessary to gather and collate material from varied sources. In each case the references to the sisters in the most authentic biographies of their brothers have formed the basis of each essay; but often the most important facts or anecdotes have been found in some book of memoirs of the period, in some chance reference in a magazine article, or even in the notices of some yellowed newspaper. Under these circumstances, it has not been possible to verify every quotation.

In selecting the sisters of English and American authors, the purpose has been to present those who may truly be said to have been hitherto little known to the general public. Two of the women, however, cannot, in justice, be thus described. Dorothy Wordsworth has for fully half a century been the standard for literary sisterhood, and it has been very amusing to find almost every devoted sister of a literary man compared to her by some biographer. The details of Mary Lamb's life are also familiar to many readers. But no volume dealing with the sisters of literary men

would be complete without these two, and it is hoped that in writing once again of their lives and activities, the author has succeeded in bringing the reader in a personal way to a more complete appreciation of their place and influence in the success of their beloved brothers. Five of the women who have been considered are, so far as the writer has been able to ascertain by research in two countries, pictured here for the first time; while the lives of two others are treated more completely than they have been elsewhere. Visits to the homes and haunts of these women have carried the author through the narrow streets of Old London, along the by-ways of rural England, into sunny Italy and to the literary shrines of the New World. Days thus spent have vitalized her impressions of the characters of those she has striven to portray and interpret until, at times, they have seemed almost like living companions.

The author is very grateful to the many people who through letters have contributed from their own experience to her fund of personal anecdote and illustration. Her thanks are extended especially to Professor E. Charlton Black of Boston University and to Pro-

fessor W. P. Kerr of the University of London for their reading and criticism of several chapters; also to Mr. Frank Sanborn, Mr. Clarence Rook, Mr. Samuel Pickard, Miss Lillian Whiting and Miss Elizabeth Cordner for personal interviews and suggestions.

WORCESTER, MASS., June 1, 1912.

THE love of a sister for a brother stands apart from every other love in the world, but if for this cause — that it is the only relation which can truly advise and withstand the administration of home truths.

The most tender of parents are well aware that such must be sparingly administered indeed, if they are to retain the love and confidence of their offspring, whilst if not nature at least civilization forbids a child to communicate his opinions of their merits or demerits to the authors of his being.

The most romantically attached husbands and wives know that, if the mirror of truth be held up too often to the weaknesses of human nature, the illusion on which all romance is primarily based must vanish. The lover dare not blame his mistress over-much, nor must the friend treat his friend's feelings roughly lest he lose his friendship.

But the brother may say what he will to his sister; may deride her absurdities, label her faults, repell her caresses, scatter her prejudices, and if she loves him, she but clings the closer.

The relationship, at its best, is the perfection of human comradeship, with all of life's earliest memories to sanctify it, and every hope and ambition for the future to lend it an interest which can only increase with years.

MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

SOME BROTHERS AND THEIR SISTERS

Little-Known Sisters

SOME BROTHERS AND THEIR SISTERS

THE twentieth century is an age of investigation and analysis. To-day, people are not content merely to enjoy the products of genius to marvel at its beauty and glory in its power, but they must know its raison d'être. This feeling is universal and is not confined to one class of society. Some of the very people who scorn the newspaper interviews with popular idols and declare that the magazine articles dealing with the home life of celebrities encourage vulgar curiosity eagerly welcome the discovery of some of Dickens's personal papers or pore over the love-letters of the Brownings.

Recognizing this spirit of the age, the student ransacks libraries and searches musty manuscripts in his endeavor to throw sidelights on genius, and, in this vein, much has

been written concerning the inheritance and environment of great men. Their ancestry has been traced, their childhood pictured, their home-influences analyzed and their love-letters published. In many instances, these researches have justified themselves in a resulting clearer understanding of the men and their works.

It is always particularly interesting to trace the influence of women in the lives of great men. Much has been written of the power of maternal influence and many tributes have been paid to the mothers of artists, poets and musicians. Likewise, their sweethearts have been pictured and critically estimated. Often the secrets of girlish hearts long since turned to dust have been torn from their hiding-place in some yellowed love-letter in order to explain the occasion of a sonnet or to interpret the meaning of a love-song.

But one human relationship has thus far been lightly touched upon and its influence underestimated. Except in a few notable cases, little is known of the sisters of those great men who have caused the pulse of humanity to quicken. Yet, in several instances, the power of their influence over the brothers they idolized has been most significant.

All ages furnish illustrations of sisterly devotion. Grecian literature portrays it in the drama of Antigone, where a woman's idea of duty towards her brother is made the theme of the tragedy while the element of romantic love is a mere episode. Instances of its influence are revealed in the old stories of the early Christian church, and a beautiful example of its power is found in the life of one of the purest exponents of the monastic idea.

Saint Benedict loved his sister, Scholastica, devotedly, and she shared his ambition to purify monastic life as it existed in his time. Benedict believed in the limited association of men with women, instead of the strict segregation advocated by other orders, and so, near every Benedictine monastery, a nunnery was located to promote the coöperation of men and women in good works and holy living. In establishing this custom, Benedict was aided by his twin-sister, Scholastica, who, gladly following her brother's example, left her beautiful Roman home and became a nun. She presided over the nunnery located nearest to Monte Cassino, the monastery where her brother ruled as chief of the order. The affection existing between them was the only

remaining connection with their early life and the death of his sister was the final and most heart-breaking experience in the life of Saint Benedict. Three days after Scholastica's death, Saint Benedict had a vision of her soul entering heaven in the form of a snowy dove, and he immediately sent for her body and had it placed in the tomb which had been prepared for himself. Forty days later, he died by the side of the tomb, which had been opened at his request, and, according to his wish, was buried by her side in a sepulchre especially erected for them.

The life-stories of kings and princes are filled with illustrations of this relationship. The unhappy childhood and youth of Frederick the Great was made bearable through the devotion of his sister, Wilhelmina. Their friendship grew stronger with the years which brought him a crown and made her the Margravine of Beireuth. English history furnishes a similar illustration in the life of Elizabeth, afterwards the wife of Henry VII, whose love for her ill-fated brothers, Edward V and the little Duke of York, is well known. Henry, the son of James I, who died in the flower of his youth, was forsaken in his

last illness by father, mother and all his family, except a loyal sister who remained true to him. A whole volume might be filled with the stories of these royal brothers and sisters. But it is not alone upon men of genius or those of lofty birth that this sweet comradeship has been bestowed. Many toilers in the humbler ranks of life could tell of sisters who have shown the same qualities, been actuated by the same influences and found the same happiness which rewarded the sisters of more famous men. For, in the infinite scheme of things, it has happened in all ages that some men have known the joy of companionship with a sister soul and to king and peasant alike has this joy been granted.

The great masters of literature have recognized this relationship by picturing it at its best in prose and poetry, while the history of literature in all countries furnishes examples of women who have worked and dreamed in anticipation of the day when their brothers should be known in the world of letters. French literature furnishes the beautiful correspondence of Eugénie and Maurice de Guerin and the relationship which existed between Balzac and his sister, Laure (Madame Sur-

ville) who was always the first of his intimate friends and from whom, in his youth at least, he had no secrets. German literary history yields the pathetic story of Körner and his sister, while Tasso and Cornelia grace the Italian chronicles.

Our own English literature contains a wealth of literary brothers and sisters. Two of these deserve more than passing notice because they lived in the period when Dorothy Wordsworth and Mary Lamb filled their own peculiar place in the world of letters.

The name of Bernard Barton, "the Quaker Poet" of England is not very widely known to-day, but, in his own time, he enjoyed a distinct popularity and was awarded an annual pension by the Queen because of his ability. His life was singularly lonely; because he was left a widower when he had been married less than a year and he lived alone until his infant daughter grew up and became his housekeeper. But the love and interest of his sister, Maria, was his comfort throughout his lonely years. She had a home of her own and many family cares but she found time to write many books for children and to sympathize with her broth-

er's interests. She was a little older than her brother and he always looked up to her. When she died, he wrote: "It is a heavy blow to me, for Maria is almost the first human being I remember to have fondly loved, or been fondly loved by, the only participant in my first and earliest recollections."

Samuel Rogers, the poet whose chief claim to fame, to-day, rests on his best-known poem, "The Pleasures of Memory," was, in his own day, known for his charming personality as well as for his poetic gifts. He refused the highest honor which could be offered him, the position of poet-laureate. He never married, and neither did his sister, Sarah, who was several years his junior and lived to within a year of his death. Extracts from his letters show as tender a relationship as is revealed in the letters of Disraeli or Macaulay to their sisters. Once he says: "How shall I answer you in your own style? Really, child, you have an admirable way of charming people out of their senses; you must surely have dipped your pen — not into ink — but into some sweet intoxicating spirit, prepared no doubt (for they abound in it) from the old family receipt book at Cheadle." And again he writes to her:

" No, he has not forgotten her, nor will he ever cease to remember her, he can truly say with pride and pleasure. In all his castles (and night and day he is building them) she still has a place, and when all his wanderings are over (as they soon will be) he hopes and trusts that she will not shut her heart against him, but will welcome back one who is ever the same, and whose regard for her is, if possible, increased, not lessened, by absence."

The love of literature is not the only common interest which famous men have shared with their sisters. Fanny and Felix Mendelssohn, like many other brothers and sisters, found their mutual bond in music and there are likewise painters, sculptors, and scientific men who have found their greatest inspiration at their own fireside in the ambitious love of some cherished sister. But the women whose lives are considered in this volume were closely allied with men whose names are known in the world of letters, and it was there that they found their common interest. Beneath the portraits of each one of this sweet sisterhood, we lay a sprig of " rosemary, that's for remembrance."

MARY SIDNEY

(THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE)

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse, —
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother —
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

— BEN JONSON'S OR BROWNE'S EPITAPH.

MARY SIDNEY.

MARY SIDNEY

(THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE)

STORIES of the reign of good Queen Bess in England's golden age have inspired many a novelist, for they are filled with the essence of romance. The central figure of the court of Elizabeth, the idol of the nobility and the type of the chivalry of the period was Sir Philip Sidney, the history of whose life mirrors the spirit of the age.

Closely associated with him at court and in private life was Lady Herbert, the Countess of Pembroke, whose love and sympathy for her brother was unfailing. Biographers have patiently traced the love affairs of Sir Philip in order to explain his series of love-sonnets, "Astrophel and Stella," but they have touched more lightly upon the relations of the brother and sister. Although the details of their lives are meagre, the few recorded facts are sufficient to make the ideal friendship

which existed between them stand forth in its beautiful sincerity against the hollow pomp and glitter of Elizabeth's court.

Shortly before the birth of his son, Philip, in 1554, Sir Henry Sidney came into possession of the lands and seat of Penshurst, which had been granted to his father by Edward VI, the year previous. Here the elder children of the family passed their early years and the old house was the scene of a happy home life, remarkable for its simplicity in those days of splendor.

Penshurst Place was already a landmark in Kent, when it came into the possession of the Sidney family, for it had been built before the coming of the Normans and had been the residence of some noble family ever since the Conquest. In the reign of Edward III, Sir John Pulteney, who then owned it, received the King's license to embattle it and, later, Sir Henry Sidney erected the central tower and gateway, so that the old house is now the most perfect specimen of a feudal mansion to be found in England. But it was never a magnificent home and the tourist who, to-day, strays from the beaten track along the by-ways of Kent, is first attracted by its extensive

lawns, glorious gardens and fine old trees, and then by the storied mansion itself.

Such were the surroundings of the childhood of Sir Philip Sidney and, in later years, of his sister, Mary, who passed her infancy in Ludlow Castle in Wales, which was then the official residence of their father. She was the little middle daughter in a family of seven brothers and sisters, only three of whom lived to grow up. Two of the older children died in infancy and the younger brothers were born after Philip's school-days began, so that Philip and her elder sister, Ambrosia, were her early companions.

Their parents had been brought up in the atmosphere of the court and it is clear that their marriage was arranged for political reasons but, in spite of many trials, their life seems to have been a peculiarly happy one and there is " no trace of discord, nothing but tender affection on both sides, mutual help and mutual admiration."

Penshurst was their retreat, their refuge from public life, for even after her marriage and the birth of her elder children, Lady Sidney was required to be in nearly constant attendance upon the Queen and Sir Henry's

duties as Lord President of Wales and as Lord Deputy of Ireland kept him away from home for long intervals. The children were carefully trained, but were left in the care of tutors and attendants until their mother fell a victim to the small-pox and, on her recovery, sought to hide her marred beauty from the curious eyes of courtiers. Therefore, she retired to Penshurst and devoted herself to the care and training of Philip, her nine-year-old son, and to her two little daughters Mary and Ambrosia.

As the two girls were six and seven years his junior and, as Philip spent the following seven years at Shrewsbury School and at Oxford, he was absent most of the time while his sisters were growing up. It is probable that they did not share many interests at this period, but pleasant memories of their happy home formed a pleasant background in their subsequent lives. There was only a year's difference between the ages of Mary and Ambrosia and the two sisters were constantly together in the home at Penshurst or at Ludlow Castle. Sometimes, their brother spent a brief holiday with them and, as his school-boy successes were even then remarkable, both sisters ad-

mired him greatly and doubtless idealized him more because they saw him so seldom.

It is certain that Mary little dreamed of the close companionship which the future would bring them, for she could not expect to enter court life until the elder sister had become established. There is a tradition that she accompanied her mother to Hampton Court for the Christmas festivities, in 1568, and perhaps her childish beauty made an impression upon the Queen at that time. Certainly the Queen had seen the possibilities of the woman in the child for, upon the death of Ambrosia in 1575, she wrote to Sir Henry Sidney, "God hath left unto you the comfort of one daughter, of very good hope," and in the same letter offered to take Mary, then fourteen years of age, under her special care.

The prospect of association with her brilliant young brother, who had been travelling on the continent for the past two years, must have appealed to the "spritely and beautiful girl," whose rather lonely life had been shadowed by the death of her sister. She was already established as a maid of honor, when he returned, and all through the succeeding summer, they followed in the train of Elizabeth, who was

making her most brilliant royal progress through Warwickshire. They were present at the gorgeous entertainments at Kenilworth, where the polished young courtier attracted much attention. Possibly the little court-lady was his confidante in his affaires de cœur, for it was that summer that he met Penelope Devereux, whom he afterwards idealized under the name of Stella.

The brother and sister were thus closely associated less than two years, then Philip was sent on an embassy to Prague and, during his absence, his sister's wedding was celebrated. Viewed from the modern standpoint, the marriage of the fifteen-year-old maid of honor with a man twenty-five years her senior, who had divorced his first wife and, as a widower, sought a third in the daughter of Sir Henry Sidney, seems most incongruous, for there is not the faintest trace of romance surrounding it. But similar matches were not uncommon in that age and there is no record of any objection on the part of the youthful bride. Her father was overjoyed at the proposed alliance between his house and that of the wealthy and influential Pembroke family, and the Queen did not oppose the match as she had some mar-

riages among her maids of honor. Furthermore, the bride, as the daughter of a court-lady and the sister of a courtier, was experienced beyond her years in knowledge of the world.

She was very conscious of the influence which her marriage with the Earl of Pembroke would bring her and which she could exercise on behalf of her family. Brought up according to the standards of the court, she valued social power and position but, to her credit, it may be added that she ever used them wisely and generously. Thus in less than two years, by the power of Queen Elizabeth, the child Mary Sidney was transformed into the Countess of Pembroke, the mistress of a vast estate.

Wilton House, the most beautiful of the half dozen residences which belonged to the Earl of Pembroke, was the first home of the bride and groom and here, two months after her marriage, the Countess of Pembroke's heart was gladdened by a visit from her brother. This favorite abode of the Countess became a second home for him and it was the scene of the happiest days of their intercourse. The stately mansion, afterwards destroyed by fire, had formerly been an abbey for Benedictine nuns. Built according to Holbein's plans, it

was beautifully situated three miles from Salisbury. Especially famed for its marbles, it was the scene of many a brilliant gathering, and stories of its glorious past linger about modern Wilton House.

Of their many mansions, this was the one most frequently occupied by the Earl and Countess and was most intimately associated with their lives. Here the Countess entertained her brother during the period of his banishment from court; here she resided in later years when sorrows had multiplied in her life; and to Salisbury Cathedral, three miles distant, she was brought for burial.

Next to this home, she was most often found at the Earl's London house, Baynard's Castle on the Thames, a palace dating from the Norman Conquest and which had been famed for its luxury for nearly six hundred years. It was destroyed in the Great Fire, but stories of its magnificence cluster about the history of old London. In this period it was especially grand, for it had been practically rebuilt by Henry VIII when he resided there with Catherine Parr, and since the reign of Edward VI, the Earl of Pembroke had held great state there. Here he entertained Queen Eliz-

abeth with a banquet followed by fire-works and here his young wife presided with becoming grace.

The Countess was seldom absent from court functions and the domestic papers and records of the period give interesting glimpses of her movements. It was the custom of the Queen to demand gifts from the members of the court on New Year's Day, and on that holiday in the year following her marriage, the Countess brought to the Queen a doublet of lawn embroidered with gold and silver and silk of divers colors and lined with yellow taffeta. It is a tribute to the Countess' tact and discretion that the fickle Queen, who so often showed her displeasure towards Sir Henry Sidney and his son, always treated Lady Mary with courtesy and consideration.

The Countess took a lively interest in the varied life of the time and her reliance on her brother's judgment as well as her interest in adventure is shown from the fact that her name is included in the list of speculators who supported the undertakings of Martin Frobisher. This bold navigator, who sought to find the northwest passage to India, was a protégé of Philip Sidney, and doubtless his sister was glad

to further any business enterprise which promised to strengthen the resources of her brother's limited income.

The young courtier's disappointment at the failure of this scheme was overshadowed by the apparent interruption of his career, which came with his banishment from court for several months in 1580. But the seeming misfortune was really a blessing in disguise, for it gave him an opportunity to indulge in " the use of the pen," which had " quite gone from him," as he declared, " from lack of practice," and made possible a period of companionship with his sister which had remarkable results.

Records fail to tell whether the Countess was present at Warnstead, the home of her uncle, the Earl of Leicester, two years previous, when her brother's masque, " The Lady of May," had been presented for the first time, but there is abundant proof that she already shared his literary ambitions and had attempted some work of a like nature. She was well acquainted with the men of letters and literary courtiers with whom Sir Philip was associated in the Areopagus, and had already won the reputation which inspired Spenser's characterization when he wrote of her as one

"In whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are;
More rich than pearls of Ind or gold of Ophir,
And in her sex more wonderful and rare."

At Wilton, the harassed young courtier found inspiration in the companionship of his sister, who had commenced a metrical translation of the Psalms of David. He became her literary partner and together they spent happy hours, seeking rhymes and polishing couplets. This work indicates the more serious moods of both and shows their religious inclinations in an age when genuine religious life was lacking and its forms were a matter of policy.

Lady Mary saw the need of distracting her brother's mind yet further, so she encouraged him to write for her "The Arcadia," in whose pages he set down "Many, many fancies about womankind" and more than once paid a veiled tribute to her whose faith in him inspired it. Written in a desultory way and compiled in leisure moments from "the notions as they came into his head as he was out hunting on the pleasant plains," it was mostly set down in the presence of the Countess and the loose sheets handed to her as fast as they were written.

For, as he wrote to her in the dedication: "You desired me to do it, and your desire in my heart is an absolute commandment."

This was the chief occupation of literary hours at Wilton, and no prettier glimpse of the association of brother and sister can be imagined than the picture of them seated together with the manuscript before them engaged in animated discussion about the wanderings of Musichorus and Pyrocles or the virtues of Philoclea and Pamela.

It was during this long visit that a most important event took place at Wilton House; for William, the first-born son of the Earl and Countess, and the heir to the estate and title, was born four weeks after the arrival of Sir Philip. On April twenty-eight a gorgeous christening took place and Sir Philip represented the Earl of Leicester at the font. This was the first child of the Earl of Pembroke, for his previous marriages had brought him no children, and if there had ever been any doubt about the security of the position held by the young countess in those days of easy divorce, the fact that she was the mother of the heir gave her an unquestioned place in her husband's affections.

The time passed speedily and in six months the brother again returned to court. If her Majesty did not immediately restore him to favor, she doubtless did so on New Year's Day following, when he presented her with a gold-headed whip, a golden chain and a golden heart; for these tokens of humility could not have failed to appeal to her capricious nature.

During the ensuing year, Philip Sidney spent his leisure hours in writing " The Arcadia " and, as he went to Wilton for the Christmas holidays, in December, it is probable that there was a brief renewal of the literary intercourse.

Again, in November and December, 1582, he sought encouragement and solace in his sister's companionship, when he needed relief from some unexplained trouble, but this was his last long visit to Wilton, for the following year, he was knighted and shortly afterwards was married to Frances Walsingham. As the young knight's fortune was small and the bride's dowry was not large, they did not set up an establishment of their own, but resided with the wife's parents at Walsingham House or at Barn Elms.

Meanwhile, another romance in the Sidney

family had become the talk of the court for Robert Sidney, a younger son and the only other surviving child of Sir Henry and Lady Sidney, had become the suitor of Barbara Gamage, a Welsh heiress whose lands were located near Ludlow Castle, where the young man had spent part of his boyhood. Her suitors were many and persistent, and such rumors of her popularity at last reached the Queen that she sent word that the lady should not wed except at royal command. But the message did not reach the fair Barbara until she had already become the bride of young Sidney.

A month after this romantic marriage, there was another christening-party at Wilton, and this time both Philip and Robert Sidney stood by the altar as sponsors for the infant Philip, who was destined to become, in his turn, Earl of Pembroke. This is the last happy family party which is noted in the family records, for Sir Philip was now absorbed in his parliamentary duties and had no time for the prolonged visits of his bachelor days. His sister, too, had increased cares, for a little daughter came to help the two little sons brighten her life and she was constantly in demand at court. For this reason, she was often in London and, dur-

ing his frequent sojourns in that city, Sir Philip was often her welcome guest.

In 1585, Sir Philip Sidney was appointed Governor of Flushing and, with his young wife, departed for the Netherlands with a hopeful heart, for it seemed as if, at last, Dame Fortune were smiling upon him. His brother, Robert, accompanied him and Lady Mary bade them a cheery farewell, for she rejoiced in the political preferment of her favorite brother and the promise which the future seemed to hold. But scarcely had they left the shores of England before sorrows came to her.

Within six months she received the heart-breaking news that Sir Philip had received his death wound on the field of Zutphen. In fact, the knight who was in truth the darling of the English court, already lay dead in the Netherlands when the sad news reached her. The fickle Queen, realizing at last how true a knight she had slighted and praised at will, assumed the expense of a magnificent funeral whose splendor of ceremonial was unparalleled, except for royalty. A few weeks later, this funeral was held in London and the body laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral.

All England mourned at the untimely ending of this young knight, but none bore so heavy a burden of sorrow as his sister whose love had never failed him in adversity and whose pride in him had been apparent to all. Nor did her sorrows come singly; for within six months she had lost father, mother and brother and was left to face a life of peculiar difficulties without the benefit of their loving counsels. The simple faith which had been characteristic of both her brother and herself did not fail her in this dark hour, for about this time she wrote a touching little poem, one verse of which reads:

"Do thou thy best — O secret night,
In sable veil to cover me;
Thy sable veil,
Shall vainly fall:
With day unmasked my night shall be:
For night is day and darkness light,
O, Father of all lights, to Thee."

In his will, made on his death-bed, Sir Philip bequeathed to his "dear sister" his best jewel beset with diamonds and, about the same time, asked that "The Arcadia" might be destroyed. This request, however, was made in a

moment of deep grief and melancholy, when he declared that all things in his former life had been vain. In disregarding it, his sister proved that she valued this literary jewel, the product of their precious hours together, far beyond the beautiful ornament he had left her. She revised and edited the manuscript, and the popularity which "The Arcadia" held during the seventeenth century, together with its historical importance in the history of the novel, justified her act. In this way, she helped to make the fame of Sir Philip Sidney imperishable.

It is only in retrospect that Sidney's literary work has been regarded as of serious importance, for we are told that: "In his own age, he was more highly thought of as a friend of authors than as an author." The literary pursuits, which had been her delight when she could share them with her brother, seem to have lost their charm for Lady Mary after his death. Her sonnets were already popular and her translation of "Antoine," which is still extant, brought her much praise, but most of her active work in this direction seems to have been done before this time, although her pastoral dialogue in praise of Queen Elizabeth was not published

until 1602. She devoted her best efforts to editing Sir Philip's writings, and one of the few poems which she wrote at this time, " The Doleful Lay of Clorinda," was written in his memory and was embodied in " Astrophel " by Spenser, who sorrowed with her. Consequently, the world included her in his fame and when Thomas Nash dedicated to her an edition of " Astrophel and Stella," he did so in these words: " In thee, the Laurel Garlande which thy brother so bravely advaunst on his lance is still kept green in the Temple of Pallas."

But all through her long life — she survived her brother for thirty-six years — Lady Mary retained her love for literary pursuits and her interest in literary men. She became the patron of Shakespeare, who was the friend of her eldest son, and bestowed upon him and upon others all possible marks of favor. The Globe Theatre, Shakespeare's theatre, was opposite Baynard's Castle so she could easily keep in touch with the drama of the day. Her friendship was ever cherished by good men and great.

It was not only to aspirants for fame that she was kind but she was a veritable Lady

Bountiful to the members of her own family. During the remaining fifteen years of her husband's life, they resided most often at Baynard's Castle, and she was rarely without some member of her own family in her household. Sir Philip's widow was a frequent visitor and sought shelter with the Countess even after she had married again and her husband, Lord Essex, was suffering imprisonment. Here also came her sister, Barbara, the Welsh wife of her brother Robert; for the younger brother had, in his turn, been appointed Governor of Flushing and was absent from England for long intervals. Indeed, it was in Baynard's Castle that Robert Sidney's only son was born; and his children, Algernon and Dorothy, who, in their turn, brought honors to the family name in another generation, were cherished in their early childhood by their then aged great-aunt.

Upon the death of the Earl of Pembroke, in 1600, the title descended to his eldest son, and the Dowager Countess henceforth established her own home, although she was always welcome in her son's household. Sometimes, she visited in the old family mansion at Penshurst and at other times she frequented Wilton as, in

1603, when the young Earl entertained the King and Queen right royally, and Shakespeare and his troupe performed a play. But she continued to make her headquarters in London, and contemporary papers give occasional glimpses of her life.

For a time, she was established in Crosby Hall, the beautiful old Gothic house near Bishopsgate, which was once considered the finest house in London. Here Shakespeare, who had lived in the same parish a few years previous, was sometimes a guest. Later, she removed to a house in Aldersgate and there she died at an advanced age, in September, 1621, beloved and revered by all. The only reference to her death is found in a letter of her brother, Robert, in which he says: "Touching the funeral of my noble sister, the resolution is taken that she shall be sent down to Salisbury privately, yet in a decent sort, there to be laid by her husband and a funeral made here in Paul's according to her quality, which I think cannot be performed until a week after All Hallowtide." But the details of this event were not preserved.

Upon the walls of Penshurst Place still hangs a portrait of Mary Sidney, painted in

the days of her prosperity, when she was Countess of Pembroke. Although her hair is fairer than the amber locks of him who was " not only an excellent wit but extremely beautiful," the likeness to the portraits of Sir Philip is very striking. For in personality as well as mental ability, they showed their kinship, and memories of their lives are interwoven. Although her personal letters have been lost and the records of her life are too scanty for a biographer, the name of the Countess of Pembroke can never be forgotten while the fame of her gallant brother remains.

Curiously enough, no epitaph marks the resting-place of either brother or sister, for Sir Philip Sidney's memorial tablet was destroyed in the Great Fire which ravaged old St. Paul's Cathedral, and no inscription marks the spot in Salisbury Cathedral where the Earls and Countesses of Pembroke were buried. But this brother and sister need no epitaphs to preserve their memory, for it is entrusted to something more enduring than brass or marble. The life of him who was " the flower of English chivalry " will always have its place in the annals of English history and beside him the companion of his courtly service, the comrade

of his leisure hours, the inspiration of his poetic soul and the sister of his tenderest love, will ever hold her rightful place.

MARY ANN LAMB

"Friend of my earliest years and childish days,
My joys, my sorrows, thou with me hast shared,
Companion dear; and we alike have fared,
Poor pilgrims we, through life's unequal ways.
It were unwisely done, should we refuse
To cheer our path, as featly as we may, —

"Our lonely path to cheer, as travelers use,
With merry song, quaint tale, or roundelay.
And we will sometimes talk past troubles o'er,
Of mercies shown, and all our sickness heal'd,
And in his judgments God's remembering love;
And we will learn to praise God evermore,
For these glad tidings of great joy, reveal'd
By that sooth messenger, sent from above."

— CHARLES LAMB.

MARY ANN LAMB

A LITTLE more than two centuries after the death of Sir Philip Sidney, in the midst of scenes and circumstances very different from those that formed the life-setting of the Countess of Pembroke and her brother, there lived and worked in London a brother and sister whose life-history forms one of the saddest and sweetest pages in the story of English literature. Although much has been written about Charles and Mary Lamb and anecdotes of their life together are familiar to many, there is a strange absence of facts concerning the childhood and girlhood of the sister. This is not true of the brother, for he has written quite freely in his "Essays of Elia" of the events of the period after his entrance to Christ's Hospital, in 1782, until that ever memorable tragic day in his twenty-second year which changed the whole current of his life. But there is no record of the experiences which those same years brought to his sister, and imagination must fill the blanks in the scanty frame-

work which a few scattered hints in her later correspondence have furnished.

Mary Lamb was ten years old, when her brother Charles was born, and for several years previous, she and her elder brother, John, with their parents and a maiden aunt had resided in Crown Office Row in the Inner Temple, where their father was employed. There seems to have been little sympathy between John and his sister, or in fact between him and any member of his family, and it is improbable that conditions were otherwise in their childhood. Memories of a little sister were also associated with these years, but there is no record of the birth or death of this child and the only reference to her, extant, is in a letter which Miss Lamb wrote in later life to her friend, Mrs. Cowden Clarke, saying, "Together with the recollections of your dear baby, the image of a little sister I once had, comes fresh into my mind as if I had seen her as lately. A little cap, with white satin ribbon, grown yellow with long keeping, and a lock of light hair, were the only relics left of her. The sight of them always brought her pretty face to my view, so that to this day I seem to have a perfect recollection of her features."

From infancy, her younger brother, Charles, seems to have been her especial care, and his appreciation of her devotion was voiced in that touching sonnet containing the lines: —

> " Thou to me didst ever shew,
> Fondest affection, and wouldst ofttimes lend,
> An ear to my desponding love-sick lay,
> Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay,
> But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
> Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend."

In some of Mary Lamb's poetry for children there are lines which suggest what may possibly have been personal memories of her brother's childhood, as, for example, when she wrote:

> " Through the house what busy joy,
> Just because the infant boy,
> Has a tiny tooth to show,"

and the following might well refer to those days when her little charge had been entered at Christ's Hospital:

> " Shut these odious books up, brother,
> They have made you quite another
> Thing from what you used to be;
> Once you liked to play with me —

Now you leave me all alone,
And are so conceited grown
With your Latin, you'll scarce look
Upon any English book."

Of course, the personal note here may exist entirely in the reader's imagination but there is little doubt that the girl Mary Lamb was the companion of her little brother in those precious half-holidays which he passed in recreation " in the gardens, on the terrace, or at the fountain of the Temple." He has told, in Elia, of their happy visit together at Mackerel End in Hertfordshire at a farm-house delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead, and made extended reference to what was, perhaps, the only real outing of his childhood.

Of Mary Lamb's school-days, there is little record, and although she shared her brother's literary ability, as was plainly evidenced in " Mrs. Leicester's School " and in her " Tales from Shakespeare," it is probable that her schooling was decidedly limited. Indeed, we have her brother's word for it, for in his description, of her, under the thin disguise of Bridget in Elia, he says: " Her education in

youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage." In her published letters there are many misspelled words and grammatical mistakes which would indicate some lack of youthful training. At the same time she was possessed of good conversational powers and great imaginative faculties. The last found their richest expression in her periods of temporary insanity. Then in her rambling and broken words she would give brilliant descriptions of bygone days, fancying herself with the richly-brocaded dames of the times of Queen Anne and George I, descriptions which Talfourd has called "jewelled words and speeches, like those running through the old masters of comedy."

If indeed, as her brother wrote, "she lent an ear to his desponding love-sick lay" in those months when he was walking about Islington fields dreaming of Anna, that fair-haired maid who inspired his later sonnets, it

was doubtless through her love for her brother and not upon any kindred experience that she based her sympathy, for there are absolutely no evidences of there ever having been a romance in her life. In fact, her own words prove the reverse, for in a letter written to Miss Stoddart in 1808 about the gown she was to wear at the former's wedding when she was to act as bridesmaid, she said: " If you like better, I will make up a new silk which Manning has sent me from China. Manning would like to hear I wore it for the first time at your wedding. . . . I wish I had your pin now to send to Miss H. with the border but I cannot, will not, give her the doctor's pin, for having never had any presents from gentlemen in my young days, I highly prize all they now give me, thinking my latter days are better than my former."

Writing again to the same friend she observes: " When I saw what a prodigious quantity of work you had put into the finery, I was quite ashamed of my unreasonable request. I will never serve you so again; but I do dearly love worked muslin." Doubtless this youthful love for pretty things in the woman of forty may be attributed to the lack of such luxuries

in her girlhood and it is quite possible that the absence of lovers could also be accounted for by the retired and isolated life which she led as a maiden.

She was described in later life as "bearing a strong personal resemblance to her brother; being in stature under middle height, possessing well-cut features, and a countenance of singular sweetness, with intelligence. Her brown eyes were soft, yet penetrating; her nose and mouth very shapely; while the general expression was mildness itself. She had a speaking voice, gentle and persuasive; and her smile was her brother's own, winning in the extreme." Surely a woman who merited such a description in her maturity, when she was the victim of an incurable malady, must have been pleasing in her early girlhood, in the flush of youth and health.

That youth, however, was passed in very humble circumstances and often in real poverty. Even before Charles left Christ's Hospital in 1789 to commence work in the South Sea House, his mother's health was failing. Soon she was confined to her bed and her husband, who was sinking into his dotage, was retired on a slender annuity. Then it was that

the sister worked with her needle to add to the family resources. She must have been industrious and somewhat successful for four years later, after the brother had secured a more lucrative position in the East India Company, when they had removed to 7 Little Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields near Holborn, she had an apprentice bound to her.

In these years, too, the home-life must have been anything but pleasant for the poor nervous woman who bore its burdens; since the mother, who has been described as "so matronly and commanding that she might be taken for the sister of Mrs. Siddons," was a helpless invalid, the father was sinking into hopeless senility, and the other member of the household, " Aunt Hetty," was certainly not a cheerful companion. Mary has said " Aunt Hetty " was " as unlike a gentlewoman as you can possibly imagine a good old woman to be; " and Charles Lamb has described her as, " an aunt — a dear and good one whom single blessedness had soured to the world."

Mary Lamb's days were devoted to needlework and her nights to the constant care of her mother, to whom she bore a peculiar relation. Charles Lamb declared that, although his

mother loved Mary as she loved all her children, with a mother's love, " she bore so distant a resemblance to her daughter in opinion, in feeling and sentiment and disposition, that she never understood her right; never could believe how much she loved her; but met her caresses, her protestations of filial affection, too frequently with coldness and repulse."

Charles was absent all day at his desk and the sister had few recreations. Under these conditions, after a cramped and restricted childhood and a colorless girlhood, is it any wonder that Mary Lamb became despondent and that the fearful taint in her blood which her father had bequeathed her, worked its worst? At all events, such was the case, and one dreadful day in 1796, when the family was about to sit down to their noon-day meal, Mary Lamb became an irresponsible matricide.

The shock of the family tragedy had an almost immeasurable effect upon Charles Lamb, but he rallied bravely and faced the future with determination. All his energies were bent upon the problem of making his slender income suffice for the support of his father, himself and an old maid-servant and, at the same time, provide treatment for his sister in a hos-

pital or private asylum, for, from the very first, he determined that she should not go to any public institution. The story of the mental struggle of those terrible months has been indicated by later writers, although his earlier biographers during his sister's life-time were considerately reticent on the subject. Throughout this period, Lamb's friendship with Coleridge sustained him and although, for his sister's sake, he purposely destroyed many letters referring to their family sorrow, there are indications of it in his correspondence with this true friend. He led a lonely life, spending his days at the office and devoting his evenings to playing cribbage and otherwise amusing his father. He snatched every opportunity to visit his sister in her retreat, for she was soon restored to reason and comparative health.

In 1791, his father died and not long afterwards "Aunt Hetty," who had been cared for by a wealthy relative, was released from her troubles. Then Charles Lamb was free to carry out the cherished plan which he had made, to devote his entire life to the care and protection of his sister. Despite the efforts opposing her release, he obtained her dismissal from the asylum, promising to take her under

his care for life. The story of the forty succeeding years proves how faithful he was to his self-imposed trust.

The death of an old maid-servant, to whom she gave devoted care, caused a slight return of his sister's illness in the following year and made Lamb resolve to give up their lodgings at Pentonville, which were full of painful associations. In explanation of this act he wrote at the time: "It is a great object with me to live near town, where we shall be much more private, and to quit a house and neighborhood where poor Mary's disorder so frequently recurring, has made us a sort of marked people; we can be nowhere private, except in the midst of London."

Thus began their somewhat wandering life, for though their predilection for moving did not lead them far outside the city precincts until near the close of the brother's career, they resided in many different parts of London, and their sojourn there has given an added interest to many streets and districts. For forty years they lived together in the closest companionship, bound by a tragic bond which could not be broken and still enjoying many happy

hours which brightened their lives like sunshine in the midst of shadows.

During the first few years their home was very simple, for they often sub-rented portions of lodgings from a friend who understood their circumstances. Their income, too, was very limited and it was probably this state of affairs which led to Mary's undertaking those first literary attempts which resulted so successfully. In these she was encouraged by her brother who shared all his interests with her.

"I hope when I write next," she wrote to Miss Stoddart in 1804, "I shall be able to tell you Charles has begun something which will produce a little money; for it is not well to be very poor, which we certainly are at the present writing." Two years later, she is writing to the same dear friend almost gleefully: "My Tales are to be published in separate storybooks; I mean in single stories, like the children's little shilling books. I cannot send you them in Manuscript, because they are all in Godwin's hands but one will be published very soon and then you shall have it all in print. I go on very well, and have no doubt but I shall always be able to hit upon some such kind of a job to keep going on. I think I shall get

fifty pounds a year at the lowest calculation. . . . Charles has written Macbeth, Othello, King Lear, and has begun Hamlet; you would like to see us, as we often sit writing on one table (but not on one cushion sitting), like Hermia and Helena in the Midsummer's Night's Dream, or rather like an old literary Darby and Joan; I taking snuff, and he groaning all the while and saying he can make nothing of it, which he always says till he has finished, and then he finds out he has made something of it."

But more prosperous times were in store for them, and there came a day when they sought the haunts of their childhood, made dear by memories of the years before trouble saddened them, and took up their residence in the Temple. They lived first in Mitre Court Building and later at No. 4 Inner Temple-Lane, where they removed in the spring of 1809 and remained for eight years. Here they passed the happiest period of their lives, during which they enjoyed financial ease, for Lamb's salary was increased; and the friendship of many true and worthy people who were attracted to their home by the wit and brilliancy of the rapidly rising young essayist. In a letter to his friend,

Manning, Lamb described these rooms, which consisted of two sitting-rooms on the third floor and five private apartments on the fourth floor. "In my best room," he writes, "is a choice collection of Hogarths, an English painter of some humor. In my next best are some shelves containing a small but well-chosen library. My best room commands a court, in which there are trees and a pump, the water of which is excellent cold with brandy and not very insipid without. It is called Hare Court. Do you know it? I was born near it and used to drink at the pump when I was a Rechabite of six years old."

A letter which Miss Lamb wrote to her young friend, Barbara Bethan, in 1814, describes this abode and gives a glimpse of the life of brother and sister, which shows that Mary Lamb had the true home-making instinct. "We still live in Temple-Lane," she writes, "but I am now sitting in a room you never saw; soon after you left us we were distressed by the cries of a cat which seemed to proceed from the garrets adjoining ours by the locked door on the farther side of my brother's bedroom, which you know was the little room at the top of the kitchen stairs. He

had the lock forced and let poor puss out from behind a panel of the wainscot, and she lived with us from that time, for we were in gratitude bound to keep her, as she had introduced us to four untenanted, unowned rooms and by degrees we have taken possession of these unclaimed apartments. . . . Last winter, I put in an old grate and made a fire in the largest of these garrets and carried in one chair and one table and bid my brother write away. But he could do nothing he said, with those bare whitewashed walls before his eyes. He could not write in that dull unfurnished prison.

"The next day, before he came home from his office, I had gathered up various bits of old carpetings to cover the floor; and, to a little break the blank look of the bare walls, I hung up a few old prints that used to ornament the kitchen, and after dinner with great burst of what improvement I had made, I took Charles once more into his new study. A week of busy labors followed, in which I think you would not have disliked to have been our assistant. My brother and I almost covered the walls with prints, for which purpose he cut out every print from every book in his old library, coming in every now and then to ask my leave to

strip a fresh poor author — which he might not do, you know, without my permission, as I am elder sister. There was such a pasting, such consultation where their portraits and where a series of pictures from Ovid, Milton and Shakespeare would show to most advantage, and in what obscure corner authors of humbler note might be allowed to tell their stories. . . . To conclude this long story about nothing, the poor despised garret is now called the print room and is become our most favorite sitting-room."

Doubtless they showed this apartment to their friends with pardonable pride, for it was in this home that they entertained so delightfully and began their weekly Wednesday evenings, which were noted for the wit and brilliancy of the conversation they encouraged. By this time, the years had dimmed the horror of their domestic tragedy, which had become merely " an indistinct legend." It was almost forgotten and never referred to by the circle of intimate friends who gathered at the Lambs' fireside. And what a circle it was! Coleridge, Hazlitt, Talfourd, Godwin, many who became celebrated in after years, and many who were poor and struggling gathered at the Lambs'

Wednesday evenings to indulge in conversation, witty and inspiring, for in those days conversation had not become a lost art.

If the brilliant humorist was the centre of attraction on these occasions, the gentle hostess was not disregarded. "While Becky laid the cloth on the side-table, this most quiet, sensible, and kind of women — soon compelled the younger and more hungry of the guests to partake largely of the cold roast lamb or boiled beef, the heaps of smoking roasted potatoes, and the vast jug of porter, often replenished from the foaming pots, which the best tap of Fleet Street supplied. . . . Miss Lamb moved gently about to see that each modest stranger was duly served; turning now and then an anxious loving eye on Charles which was softened into a half-humorous expression of resignation to the inevitable as he mixed his second tumbler." Or, at other times, "dressed with Quaker-like simplicity in dove-colored silk, with a transparent kerchief of snow-white muslin folded across her bosom, she at once prepossessed the beholder in her favor, by an aspect of serenity and peace — for her manners were very quiet and gentle and her voice

low. Her behavior to her brother was like that of an admiring disciple; her eyes seldom absent from his face. Even when apparently engrossed in conversation with others, she would, by supplying some word for which he was at a loss, even when talking in a distant part of the room, show how closely her mind waited upon his."

More than two centuries had passed since gentle Lady Mary and gallant Sir Philip Sidney sat with their heads bent together over the manuscript of " The Arcadia." The London of Elizabeth and the splendors of Baynard's Castle had vanished and yet the same spirit of fraternal love and devotion which had beautified the earlier days of romance and chivalry still existed in those modest chambers in Temple-Lane.

Charles Lamb was a great admirer of early English literature and especially of the poetry of Sir Philip Sidney. In " Elia," he undertook to defend his favorite from hostile criticism and after his death a volume he had been reading was found with leaf folded down at the account of Sir Philip Sidney. This incident called forth Cary's tender little verses comparing the two and beginning:

"So should it be, my gentle friend;
Thy leaf has closed at Sydney's end."

In connection with this preference of Lamb's it is interesting to note that he took advantage of a visit to Hazlitt in Wiltshire to make a pilgrimage to Wilton and to Salisbury, he and his sister exploring the country in daily walks from eight to twenty miles a day in length. It is pleasant to think of them roaming over the same plains where Sir Philip rode and mused on the Arcadia.

As the years brought them greater prosperity, they indulged in holiday excursions of greater length than they had enjoyed previously but it is a question if they realized any greater pleasure from them than from the simpler outings they had taken in their days of poverty. Charles Lamb was essentially a city-dweller and voiced his preference for her precincts in no uncertain voice. He wrote to Wordsworth: "Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers can have done with dead Nature.

The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen and customers, coaches, wagons, play-houses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles, life awake, if you awake at all in the hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street, the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes, London itself a pantomime and a masquerade, all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life."

Although his sister shared these sentiments, she seems to have preferred the quiet walks in the suburbs and their strolls through country lanes to the city wanderings. She wrote Dorothy Wordsworth that she could easily walk fifteen miles, and many of their holidays were spent in this way.

Elia says to Bridget: "Do you remember

our pleasant walks to Enfield, Potter's Bar and Waltham when we had a holiday . . . and the little hand-basket, in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savory cold lamb and salad; and how you would pry about at noontide for some decent house where we might go in and produce our store, only paying for the ale that you must call for, and speculate upon the look of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth? And sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us."

Happy holidays like these were not infrequent, but there were other and darker days which punctuated their lives and these came more and more often as the years went by. All through her life, Mary Lamb was subject to fits of temporary insanity and she learned to recognize their premonitory symptoms, although they were not apparent to others. She never packed her trunk for a holiday journey without including a strait-jacket in her outfit, and she was always the one to warn her brother of the approaching attack and ask him to take her to the place of retreat. Once a friend met them crossing the fields together,

on their way to Hoxton Asylum, with tears streaming from their eyes, and the incident, which must have been an example of many similar scenes, gave rise to Valentine Le Brice's touching little poem.

As they grew older, these attacks of insanity grew more frequent, distressing the brother and yet causing him to cling more closely to his life companion. He wrote once: "I don't know but the recurrence of these illnesses might help me to sustain her death better than if we had no partial separation. But I won't talk of death. I will imagine us immortal or forget that we are otherwise. By God's blessing, in a few weeks we may be making our meal together, or sitting in the front row of the Pit at Drury Lane, or taking our evening walk past the theatres to look at the outside of them at least, if not to be tempted in. Then we forget we are assailable, we are strong for the time as rocks, the wind is tempered to the shorn Lambs."

Again he wrote, "When she is not violent, her rambling chat is better to me than the sense and sanity of this world. Her heart is obscured not buried; it breaks out occasionally and one can discern a strong mind struggling

with the billows that have gone over it. I could nowhere be happier than under the same roof with her." That the intellectual power of the woman who could inspire such devotion must have been great when she was herself, is evidenced by Hazlitt's remark when he said that he had never met a woman who could reason and had met with only one thoroughly reasonable, the sole exception being Mary Lamb.

Despite Lamb's reiterated desire to live and die in his favorite home in Temple-Lane, it seemed best for them to change their abode again, in 1817, and they took lodgings in Russell Street near Covent Garden which was, as Lamb wrote to Miss Wordsworth, " the individual spot I like best in all this great city." Here, Miss Lamb, missing some of the familiar appointments of her old home, learned to look out of the window, " a habit," she declared she " never could attain in her life." She learned to enjoy the hubbub of the carriages, the squabbles of the coachmen and link-boys with all the other scenes peculiar to Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Here new friends came to their Wednesday evenings, for both brother and sister had always loved a good

play and had numbered actor folk among their friends, and this number was now augmented. It is known that Charles Lamb proposed marriage at this time to Miss Fannie Kelly, an actress, who was one of this coterie.

During their later years, the Lambs were often happy in the companionship of Emma Isola, a young girl whom they had befriended and who had been much in their home. She was with them at Colebrook Cottage in Islington on the banks of New River, where they made their most elaborate experiment in housekeeping and, later, brightened the solitude of Enfield, where they settled in 1827. Although the life at Islington was delightful and they reveled in hospitality which their more prosperous circumstances made possible, the strain of housekeeping proved too much for the sister's health, so Lamb was willing to sacrifice his preference for residing in London and they moved to the suburban village which they had often visited. Here they enjoyed a greater degree of companionship than ever before, for Lamb had been retired on a pension and, to his great joy, was freed from business cares.

But even the quiet of the country, the healthful influence of long walks, and the solicitude

of the brother could not ward off the dreaded attacks of insanity, which came with more and more frequency, and, as the years went by, it became evident that they must no longer try to maintain an independent home. The approaching marriage of Miss Isola strengthened their resolve to seek a boarding-place where they could have privacy and the assurance of care for the sister in the time of need. Such a place was found at the home of a Mr. Walden in Edmonton and here they removed in 1833. They were not entirely cut off from the outside world for they had some visitors and, whenever Miss Lamb was able, they made little excursions to London. At this time, they were accustomed to go every Thursday to the studio of the artist Cary in Bloomsbury to sit for the well-known portrait of them which he was then painting.

Possibly the brother thought that this completed picture would some day be to him a reminder of her who had been his life-partner for forty years and whose threatening malady seemed to indicate that death could not be far distant. " You must die first," he said to her, half sadly, and she answered him with a tender smile, " Yes, Charles, I must die first." But

their mutual wish was not to be granted, for when at last the quiet humorist, the gentle friend and tender brother lay dead in the little cottage home at Edmonton, the sister was unable to follow him to his grave and, for once, her malady brought her a merciful unconsciousness to the reality of sorrow.

Thirteen long years she survived him, tenderly cared for by their old friends and gently comforted in her desolation. At first she was allowed to wander as she willed up and down the lanes of Edmonton and to go each evening to the quiet spot where her brother rested. Later, she was persuaded to reside in a pleasant house in St. John's Wood where her London friends could reach her more easily and here she lived until her death in May, 1841.

Thirteen sad, lonely years, but at length they were ended and she found at last the rest and peace she craved. In a corner of Edmonton churchyard, beneath the long grass and nettles that covered her brother's grave, they laid her gently, for in death the two were re-united and it was fitting that they should share their final habitation together.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

" Under yon orchards in yon humble cot
A younger orphan of a home extinct,
The only daughter of my parents dwells;
. . . Mine eyes did ne'er
Fix on a lovely object, nor mind,
Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,
But either she, whom now I have, who now
Divides with me that loved abode was there,
Or not far off. Where'er my footsteps turned,
Her voice was like a hidden bird that sang,
And thought of her was like a flash of light
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Or fragrance independent of the wind."

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

For more than half a century, the name of Dorothy Wordsworth has been a symbol of ideal sisterhood and her life has furnished a standard by which those of other women placed in similar positions have been compared. The devoted sister of any famous man has generally been compared sooner or later to Dorothy Wordsworth. She possessed a rare and wonderful personality which was dominated by a purely unselfish love. She devoted herself to her brother " with an affection wholly free from egoism or jealousy, an affection that yearned only to satisfy his subtlest needs, and to transfuse all that was best in herself into his larger being."

Mary Lamb, in addition to being her brother's critic and confidante, possessed ability akin to his own and was often his collaborator: Dorothy Wordsworth was her brother's inspiration and his faithful scribe and amanu-

ensis. The four were kindred spirits and the stories of their lives cannot be separated without injustice, for they lived in the same period, possessed mutual friends and interests and knew and loved each other well. Perhaps they were further attracted to each other by the similarity of affection which each pair saw mirrored in the other. They form a quartette of fraternal love which has never been duplicated and the sadder, minor notes of the Lambs' lives are harmonized by the lyric music of the Wordsworths'.

The Wordsworths were born at Cockermouth on the edge of the beautiful English Lake region, which they made so particularly their own that it has been termed "Wordsworthshire." On Christmas Day, 1771, when Dorothy Wordsworth was born, the family was living in a large mansion in this ancient town on the banks of the Derwent at the junction of the Cocker. The beautiful surroundings of their birthplace long remained in the memory and stimulated the fancy of the poet Wordsworth.

There were already two children in the Wordsworth household, in 1771. Richard, the eldest child, was then three years old, and Will-

iam was a baby of twenty-one months. Within the next three years, two more little sons were added to the circle; but baby Dorothy still retained the distinction of being, "the only daughter," a position which was never usurped.

From very babyhood, Dorothy and William were boon companions and in their early childhood they shared the same sports and occupations. Writing some autobiographical memoranda in 1847, Wordsworth declared that in his childhood he was of a "stiff, moody, and violent temper," so much so that his mother just before her death remarked to a friend that the only one of her five children about whose future she was anxious was William and he, she said, "would be remarkable either for good or for evil." But even in childhood, the sweetness and tenderness of his sister's character influenced him as he himself wrote, when alluding to that period.

"My sister Emmeline and I
Together chased the butterfly.
A very hunter did I rush
Upon the prey —
But she, God love her! feared to brush
The dust from off his wings."

And again, he says of her:

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears —
> And humble cares and delicate fears,
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
> And love, and thought, and joy."

Of their mother, neither the brother nor sister had a very vivid recollection for she died of a decline in 1778, after a period of invalidism which had lasted some time. Shortly afterwards, Richard and William were sent to school at Hawkshead and the two younger brothers followed them as soon as they were of school age. The home at Cockermouth was desolate without the young mother, and her husband, although he continued to be successful in his profession and became more prosperous, never recovered from the melancholy caused by her death and survived her less than six years.

After her mother's death, the little daughter was often at Penrith, the home of her maternal grandmother, whose name she bore, and at the age of twelve, after the death of her father, it became her home. In this ancient market-town, made famous by many historic scenes and within sight of Skiddaw and Saddleback,

under whose shadows she was to dwell later, Dorothy Wordsworth passed most of her girlhood. Her grandfather was a mercer but her grandmother was a daughter of James Crackenthorpe of Newbiggen Hall of a very ancient family, and the little girl was educated according to family traditions. First she was sent to Halifax, for a time, where her education was superintended by Miss Thelkeld, her mother's cousin, and, in 1787, after the marriage of that lady, she was adopted by her uncle, Dr. William Cookson, Canon of Windsor, and lived there and in his Norfolk parish of Forncett.

She saw her brother during his vacation periods, however, and they spent many delightful hours in the long rambles which they both loved. Brougham Castle, the monastic ruin which was their favorite haunt, yet stands about a mile from Penrith. During the vacation which Wordsworth spent on the Continent, he found time to write to his sister, although, as he tells her, he did not write to his brothers. Later, when he had graduated from the university and returned from his longer Continental tour, his sister recorded " he writes to me regularly and is a most affectionate brother."

At this time, his relatives were much concerned over Wordsworth's decision not to enter the Church and in order to seek the advice of his sister, whose judgment he never doubted and who had upheld his decisions against the wishes of their older friends, he came down to Millhouse, Halifax, where she was then staying at the home of Mrs. Rawson (Miss Thelkeld). Perhaps to distract his mind from too much worry as well as to enjoy the privacy of his company, his sister persuaded him to take a walking tour in the Lake region. So together they coached to Kendal and then walked three miles from there to Keswick, stopping for a while to enjoy the beautiful sunset at Grasmere, which was to be their future home.

A little more than a year later, the two united their slender fortunes and resolved to make their home together. During that year, a bequest had been left to the brother which, although small, made him resolve to try and live upon its income and devote himself to literature instead of entering newspaper work. His sister had a small legacy and with these limited resources, the youth of twenty-four and the girl of twenty-two turned their backs upon society and its attractions and went into a re-

tired corner of Dorsetshire to make their home.

Thus at exactly the same age when Charles Lamb unselfishly buried his dreams and pledged himself to a life of devotion to his invalid sister, Dorothy Wordsworth joined her brother in his project of " plain living and high thinking " and resolved to live in poverty with him. In her case there was no moral obligation to determine her decision and she voluntarily relinquished opportunities to live in greater luxury. For Dorothy Wordsworth had unusual advantages for an English girl of that period. According to De Quincey, her uncle, Dr. Cookson, in whose home she had resided, was a personal favorite of the royal family and especially of George III, and so she could have entered court society, had she desired. Moreover she had suitors who were impatient to give her a home of her own.

But Dorothy Wordsworth did not care for fashionable society, and possibly the glimpses she had seen of the court, when she lived at Windsor, had shattered any illusions which most girls of her age would have possessed; for the court of George III was not attractive to a girl of her character. She craved the free

life which can only be lived near to Nature's heart and she longed for the continual companionship of her favorite brother. Perhaps, also, her orphan girlhood, guarded as it had been by loving friends, had been more or less lonely for she wrote to a friend, some years later, that "Racedown Lodge," where she and her brother first lived together, was the first home she had and that it was "the place dearest to her recollections upon the whole surface of the island."

The house in which they lived was well stocked with books and they passed their time in reading, writing and gardening. After eighteen months of this quiet life, the two first made the acquaintance of Coleridge, who had already begun to make a name for himself, and when, in 1797, they went together to Nether Stowey to return the visit he had paid them, the two poets decided that a closer companionship would be a pleasure to both. So the Wordsworths left the first home so dear to them and settled at Alfoxden, "a romantic old family mansion" near Nether Stowey. This was a rather pretentious home, according to Miss Wordsworth's description of it, but it was not the house itself so much as its surroundings,

together with the possibilities which the country offered for walking tours, which appealed to her. In these outings she delighted and her journal at this period is filled with anecdotes of such experiences. The "Lines on Tintern Abbey" were the outcome of one of them, and the story of how Coleridge and Wordsworth planned "The Ancient Mariner" to help defray the expenses of a walking tour at this time is too well known to be repeated.

The poem "To my Sister," which her brother wrote as he sat in front of Alfoxden one spring morning, illustrates the care-free life they led here.

"It is the first mild day of March;
Each minute sweeter than before,
The red-breast swings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.

. . . . . .

"My sister ('tis a wish of mine),
Now that our morning's meal is done,
Make haste your morning task resign;
Come forth and feel the sun.

. . . . . .

"Then come, my Sister, come, I pray,
With speed put on your woodland dress,
And bring no books; for this one day
We'll give to idleness."

It was during their residence at Alfoxden that the Wordsworths first met Charles and Mary Lamb and the acquaintance thus formed was the beginning of a life-long friendship. The Lambs were the guests of Coleridge at Nether Stowey and the brief holiday meant much to them, since they were then in straitened circumstances.

But these days of idleness and delightful excursions excited the suspicions of their prosaic neighbors to such an extent that when Wordsworth tried to secure the house for another year, it was refused him. "One man declared that he roamed over the hills like a partridge; another that he wandered at night and looked strange at the moon. In short it was the consensus of opinion that Coleridge and Wordsworth were suspicious characters and innocent Mrs. Coleridge and poor Dolly Wordsworth, who were seen strolling about with them, were pronounced no better than they should be." These circumstances caused the friends to leave England for a six months' residence in Germany, where Wordsworth and his sister wished to learn the language. They spent the winter at the old city of Goslar in the Hartz mountains and, on returning to England in Decem-

ber, 1799, settled in Grasmere in the midst of the Lake region, where they were to spend their lives.

Thus, the opening of the new year found them in the midst of the region which the brother was to make famous as the scene of the romantic revival of the 19th century whose history the sister was to chronicle unconsciously while it was in the making.

Wordsworth had, at first, thought of building a home by the lakeside, as his sailor brother, John, who wished to share their fortunes, had offered to buy the land, but the plan was rejected and Dove Cottage, then empty, was secured for their permanent home. A most unpretentious abode did Dorothy Wordsworth find it, when on the evening of that short December day, after walking twenty miles over an uneven road in the teeth of a keen wind and a driving snow, she and her brother arrived in Grasmere. It was a striking contrast to the mansion home at Alfoxden, but the joy of possession overshadowed any deficiencies and the young mistress was delighted with her home. She felt, as her brother expressed it:

> " This plot of orchard ground is ours,
> My trees they are, my sister's flowers."

and certainly her description of it, which she wrote when they had lived there less than a year, was most pleasing.

" Our cottage is quite large enough for us, though very small, and we have made it neat and comfortable within doors, and it looks very nice on the outside; for though the roses and honeysuckles which we have planted against it are only of this year's growth, yet it is covered all over with green leaves and scarlet flowers; for we have trained scarlet beans upon threads, which are not only exceedingly beautiful but very useful, as their produce is immense. We have made a lodging room of the parlor below stairs, which has a stone floor, therefore we have covered it all over with matting. We sit in a room below stairs; and we have one lodging room, with two single beds, a sort of lumber room, and a small low unceiled room, which I have papered with newspapers and in which we have put a small bed. Our servant is an old woman of sixty years of age, whom we took partly out of charity. She was very ignorant, very foolish, and very difficult

to teach. But the goodness of her disposition, and the great convenience we should find, if my perseverance was successful induced me to go on."

In this ideal home Dorothy Wordsworth ruled as queen and the happiness of those days is reflected in her journals. During the first part of their life there, they had a long visit, extending over eight months, from their younger brother, Captain John Wordsworth. He was a favorite with both; and, as they had been separated much of the time since their childhood, they found satisfaction in kindred tastes and pleasures. All the circumstances of their life together have been portrayed in the vivid journal which Dorothy kept at this time. "It contains not only descriptions of the country and a record of the changes of the seasons and the progress of the year, details as to flower and tree, bird and beast, mountains and lake — but it casts a flood of light on the circumstances under which her brother's poems were composed."

A few extracts taken at random will serve to illustrate their simple life and the happiness of those days.

"May 14th, 1800 — Wm. and John set off

into Yorkshire after dinner at half-past two o'clock, cold pork in their pockets. I left them at the turning of the wood bay under the trees. My heart was so full that I could hardly speak to W. when I gave him a farewell kiss. I sate a long time upon a stone at the margin of the lake, and after a flood of tears my heart was easier. The lake looked to me, I knew not why, dull and melancholy, and the weltering on the shores seemed a heavy sound. . . . I resolved to write a journal of the time, till W. and J. return, and I set about keeping my resolve, because I will not quarrel with myself and because I shall give William pleasure by it when he comes home again. An account of walks, and little visits, of working in the garden, of the impressions of Nature in various forms."

Once she records: "I went to Ambleside after tea, crossing the stepping-stones at the foot of Grasmere, and pursued my way on the other side of Rydale and Clappersgate. I sate a long time to watch the hurrying waves, and to hear the irregular sound of the dashing waters. Inquired about lodgings for Coleridge and was accompanied by Mrs. Nicholson as far as Rydale. This was very kind, but God

be thanked, I want not society by a moonlight lake. It was near eleven when I reached home."

On Saturday, June 7, William returned.

"I watered the garden and weeded. I did not leave home in the expectation of Wm. and John, and sitting at work till after 11 o'clock I heard a foot at the front of the house, turn round and open the gate. It was William. After our first joy was over we got some tea. We did not go to bed till 4 o'clock in the morning, so had an opportunity of seeing our improvements. The buds were staying; and all looked fresh, though not gay. There was a greyness on earth and sky."

"Sat., Aug. 23d. A very fine morning. Wm. was composing all the morning. I shelled peas, gathered beans, and worked in the garden till half past twelve. Then walked with William in the wood. . . . The gleams of sunshine, and the stirring trees and gleaming boughs, cheerful lake, most delightful. . . . Wm. read 'Peter Bell' and the poem 'Joanna,' beside the Rothay by the roadside."

"Sunday Morning, 5th October, Coleridge read Christabel a second time; we had an increasing pleasure. A delicious morning.

Wm. and I were employed all the morning in writing an addition to the preface. Wm. went to bed, very ill after working after dinner."

"Oct. 12th. Sate in the house writing in the morning while Wm. went into the wood to compose. Wrote to John in the morning; copied poems for the L. B."

The Wordsworths would doubtless have been happy without any especial companionship, for they were self-sufficient in a marked degree, but they were privileged in the neighborliness of Coleridge who then resided at Keswick and there was close comradeship between the two families.

Thus the years flew by, the happy days varied only by the long walks and the presence of an occasional guest, until 1802 when an event occurred which changed the current of their lives but which in no way changed the relations between brother and sister.

Since childhood, Wordsworth had known and admired his cousin, Mary Hutchinson, who had been the friend and companion of his sister during her girlhood at Penrith. He himself had practised reading and spelling with her when they had both attended the same dame-

school. She had been their companion during many of the vacations they spent together, and the intimacy had continued in after years. In the spring of 1799, on their return from Germany, the brother and sister had visited the Hutchinsons for several months at their home at Sockburn-on-Tees in Durham. Later, members of the family had frequently been welcomed at Grasmere, and, at length, William Wordsworth was betrothed to Mary Hutchinson.

In 1802, when arrangements had been completed for the poet's approaching marriage, he and his sister decided to leave Grasmere several weeks before the event and make a brief tour in France. The sister's feelings on the eve of their departure are thus recorded in her journal.

"Thurs., July 8th. William was looking at 'The Pedlar' when I got up. He arranged it, and after tea, I wrote it out, 280 lines. . . . The moon was behind. William hurried me out in hopes that I should see her. We walked first to the top of the hill to see Rydale. It was dark and dull, but our own vale was very solemn — the shape of Helm Crag was quite distinct, though black. We walked

backwards and forwards on the White Moss path; there was a skylike white brightness on the lake. . . . Glow-worms out, but not so numerous as last night. O beautiful place, Dear Mary, William. The hour is come. . . . I must prepare to go. The swallows, I must leave them, the wall, the garden, the roses, all. Dear creatures. They sang last night after I was in bed; seemed to be singing to one another, just before they settled to rest for the night. Well I must go. Farewell."

The Wordsworths went immediately to France, where they remained for six weeks and then returned to London, where they visited for about a month with various friends. They paid a visit to the Lambs at this time and found much to talk over with these dear friends for, during the Wordsworths' tour in France, the Lambs had made their first visit to the Lake region and their opinions of this favorite country were of much interest to the poet and his sister with whom they discussed their holiday.

For the four differed in one essential point. The Lambs were city born and bred and London was their source of inspiration. On the contrary, the Wordsworths were of country origin and their whole lives were devoted to the

investigation and admiration of Nature in her wildest and most romantic moods. Nor were they ever reconciled to this point of contrast. While the Wordsworths were fond of continental travel and would, for a time, seek short periods of city life in London or elsewhere, the Lambs were not easily tempted away from their own beloved haunts and even when they were prevailed upon to visit their friends in the country, the country suffered by comparison with their London. Lamb's never-failing devotion to his beloved city is evident in the following quotations from letters which he wrote on his return from this first visit to the lakes.

To Coleridge, who had been their host, he said: "We got home very pleasantly on Sunday. Mary is a good deal fatigued, and finds the difference of going to a place and coming from it. I feel that I shall remember your mountains to the last day I live. They learnt me perpetually. I am like a man who has been falling in love unknown to himself, which he finds out when he leaves the lady." Concerning the same journey, he wrote to Manning: "So we have seen Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside, etc. In fine I have satisfied myself that there *is* such a thing as that which tourists call ro-

mantic, which I very much suspected before. . . . Still, after all, although Skiddaw is a fine creature, I could not live on Skiddaw. If I had not a prospect of seeing Fleet Street, I should mope and pine away, I know."

On September 24, the Wordsworths reached the Hutchinson home at Gallow Hill, near Malton, York. Ten days later, the sister's journal thus records the brother's wedding: "On Monday, 4th October, 1802, my brother William was married to Mary Hutchinson. I slept a good part of the night and rose fresh and well in the morning. At a little after eight o'clock I saw them go down the avenue towards the church. William had parted from me upstairs. While they were absent, my dear little Sara prepared the breakfast. I kept myself as quiet as I could but when I saw the two men running up the walk, coming to tell us it was over, I could stand it no longer, and threw myself on my bed, where I lay in stillness, neither hearing nor seeing anything till Sara came upstairs to me, and said: 'They are coming.' This forced me from the bed where I lay, and I moved, I knew not how, straight forward, faster than my strength could carry me, till I met my beloved William and fell upon his

bosom. He and John Hutchinson led me to the house, and there I stayed to welcome my dear Mary. As soon as we had breakfasted, we departed. It rained when we set off. Poor Mary was much agitated, when she parted from her brothers and sisters and her home." At six in the evening of the following Wednesday, the three arrived in Grasmere and henceforth Dove Cottage contained a happy trio.

About this time, Mary Lamb wrote to her friend, Sarah Stoddart: "You will smile when I tell you I think myself the only woman in the world who could live with a brother's wife and make a real friend of her for I know I have a knack of looking into people's real characters and never expecting them to act out of it — never expecting another to do as I would in the same case." Mary Lamb was never put to the test in this respect but certainly no woman ever accomplished this delicate task better than did her friend, Dorothy Wordsworth.

It has been well said by her biographer that "the marriage of the poet only introduced into the circle another kindred spirit, and did not to any extent deprive him of the society of his sister who, as before, continued to reside with him, finding a genial companion in one

who had long been a cherished friend. . . . With a mental capacity and literary skill, which would have enabled her to carve out for herself an independent reputation and position of no mean order, she preferred to sink herself and her future in that of her brother, with whom she has become for all time so indelibly associated. She read for him, saw for him, and heard for him; found subjects for his reflection and was always at hand — his willing scribe. And he was grateful, and returned her devotion with a love, tender and almost reverential." On the part of Mrs. Wordsworth there was always the most devoted love for her sister-in-law and there is no trace of discord to mar the picture of truly ideal family happiness.

It was in August of the year following his marriage that Wordsworth and his sister made that tour in Scotland which was so rich in its results poetically and which has made the sister famous as a diarist. In both her journals and her letters to her sister-in-law, the reader catches vivid pictures of her surroundings and in this diary perhaps more than in any other it is evident that the sister's prose versions of their kindred thoughts and feelings were often

merely translated by her brother into more metrical language.

Mrs. Wordsworth was detained at home with her little son, and the father and aunt looked forward to the happy reunion with them. The following year witnessed the birth of the poet's first daughter and according to the long-cherished wish of the father she was christened Dorothy, after his devoted sister. Subsequently, the name was shortened for family use and she became familiarly known as "Dora."

But the joy at the birth of this child was soon overshadowed by the first great sorrow which had entered the lives of the brother and sister since their childhood. John, the sailor brother whose companionship with them at Grasmere in the first year of their residence there had meant so much to them, was drowned in the shipwreck of his vessel. Wordsworth felt the blow keenly but his sister was nearly inconsolable and in her grief clung the closer to him who shared her sorrow.

In her devotion to her brother's children, Dorothy Wordsworth showed not only her love for them but another phase of that all inclusive affection for him which was the vital

part of her life. She loved to be a part of their interests and entered into their joys and pursuits with ardor. The children responded with spontaneous affection and the stories and entertaining arts of Aunt Wordsworth were famous among them. She thus wrote to Mary Lamb of her reception on her return from a visit to the Lambs in London:

"There was great joy in the house at my return, which each showed in a different way. They are sweet wild creatures and I think you would love them all. John is thoughtful with his wildness; Dora alive, active, and quick; Thomas, innocent and simple as a new-born babe. John had no feeling but of bursting joy when he saw me. Dorothy's first question was, 'Where is my doll?' We had delightful weather when I first got home; but on the first morning Dorothy roused me from my sleep with, 'It is time to get up, Aunt; it is a blasty morning — it does blast so.'"

As the family increased, it outgrew Dove Cottage and they spent some months at a time at various periods in other places. First, they resided at Coleorton, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch made famous by Scott's Ivanhoe. Sir George Beaumont, whose friendship Wordsworth

reckoned " among the blessings of his life," was there rebuilding the Hall and laying out the grounds of his country-seat and he offered the use of a farm-house on his estate to his friend who had declared that the cottage at Grasmere was " far too small for our family to winter in, though we manage well enough in it during the summer." At this time, in the spring of 1807, Wordsworth and his wife were absent in London for several weeks while his sister remained in charge of their children. It was on this occasion that she wrote the little poem called " The Mother's Return," which shows her graceful verse to advantage.

Sir George Beaumont had presented the poet with a beautiful site near Keswick where he hoped he would build a residence. This plan was never carried out, but the family continued to reside in the vicinity of Grasmere, first at Allan Bank and then at the Parsonage there, but at length they were persuaded to leave the little town. The death of two of the five children who had been added to the family had saddened the spot for them. Under these circumstances, they decided to remove to Rydal Mount, two miles from Grasmere and so in the spring of 1813, the family took up its residence

there. For the remainder of Miss Wordsworth's life, a period of more than forty years, this mansion was her home.

Dove Cottage, however, was not to lack further literary associations, for upon the Wordsworths quitting it, in 1808, De Quincey, with whom they had already formed a friendship, signified his desire to settle there. Accordingly, Miss Wordsworth showed her practical kindness in spending some months in fitting up the little cottage, so dear to her, in a manner which would please their friend. None was better fitted for the task and she showed taste and judgment as well as economy in making the future bachelor quarters as attractive as possible. She also engaged his housekeeper and arranged his household details. Subsequently, she extended her interest to his wife and family and proved herself a sympathetic and devoted friend amidst all their peculiar trials.

It is to De Quincey's gossipy account that we owe the best description of Miss Wordsworth's personal appearance in her prime. He wrote it frankly and honestly on the occasion of their first meeting in 1807, and the words have more weight as they show the first impression

of a stranger before he had learned to admire her as a friend.

"Her face was of Egyptian brown; rarely in a woman of English birth had I seen a more determinate Gypsy tan. Her eyes were not soft, as Mrs. Wordsworth's, nor were they fierce or bold; but they were wild and startling, and hurried in their motion. Her manner was warm and even ardent, her sensibility seemed constitutionally deep; and some subtle fire of impassioned intellect apparently burned within her, which, being alternately pushed forward into a conspicuous expression, by the irrepressible instincts of her temperament, and then immediately checked, in obedience to the decorum of her sex and age, and her maidenly condition, gave to her whole demeanor, and to her conversation, an air of embarrassment, and even of self-conflict, that was almost distressing to witness. Even her very utterance and enunciation often suffered in point of clearness and steadiness from the agitation of her excessive organic sensibility. At times the self-counteraction and self-baffling of her feelings caused her even to stammer and so determinately to stammer, that a stranger who should have seen her and quitted her in

that state of feeling, would certainly have set her down for one plagued with that infirmity of speech as distressingly as Charles Lamb himself. . . . The greatest deductions from Miss Wordsworth's attractions, and from the exceeding interest which surrounded her in right of her character, of her history, and of the relation which she fulfilled towards her brother, were the glancing quickness of her motions, and other circumstances in her deportment, such as her stooping attitude when walking, which gave an ungraceful, and even an unsexual character to her appearance when out of doors. She did not cultivate the graces which preside over the person and its carriage. But on the other hand, she was a person of very remarkable endowments intellectually. . . . She was content to be ignorant of many things; but what she knew and had really mastered lay where it could not be disturbed — in the temple of her own most fervid heart."

Rydal Mount was not as romantically associated with Dorothy Wordsworth's life as Dove Cottage, but it was the home where she saw success crown her brother's efforts and where she lived with him in prosperity. But the life in the household continued to be as simple as

before and to their neighbors, the Wordsworths were not considered as extraordinary people. It is recorded that, upon his removal to Rydal Mount, Mr. Wordsworth was appointed Commissioner of Stamps for the county of Westmoreland, an office which he held for several years. It is a tribute to his unassuming manner that his country neighbors would not recognize him as poet-laureate in his old age but always referred to him, according to Canon Rawnsley, as "nobbut old Wadsworth o' Rydal, the stamp-maister."

Miss Wordsworth continued to share with her sister-in-law the task she had long adopted as her own, viz.: that of transcribing the poet's verses for him and, in fact, doing nearly all of his writing. The poet's nephew thus refers to how great an effort it was for him to write, and how fortunate, therefore, he was in having at hand through life, pens ever ready to commit his thoughts to paper. "If providence had not blessed him with a wife, a sister, a wife's sister, and a daughter, whose lives were bound up in his life, as his was in theirs and who felt, — what the world was slow in admitting, — that his poems were destined for immortality, and that it was no small privilege to be instru-

mental in conveying them to posterity, it is probable that many of his verses, muttered by him on the roads, or on the hills, or on the terrace-walks of his own garden, would have been scattered to the winds, like the plaintive accents of the deserted Ariadne on the coast of Naxos."

Lamb, writing to his friend in 1822, thus comments on this characteristic: "Tell Mrs. W. her postscripts are always agreeable. They are so legible too. Your manual-graphy is terrible, dark as Lycophon. . . . I should not wonder if the constant making out of such paragraphs is the cause of that weakness in Mrs. W's eyes, as she is tenderly pleased to express it. Dorothy I hear has mounted spectacles, so you have deoculated two of your dearest relations in life. Well, God bless you, and continue to give you power to write with a finger of power upon our hearts what you fail to impress, in corresponding lucidness upon our outward eyesight."

Mrs. Wordsworth's younger sister, Sara Hutchinson, who was beloved by all the family, now divided her time between the Wordsworth household and the home of her own brother. In this way, Miss Wordsworth was

often freed from family cares, which she so cheerfully assumed when she felt she ought, and had opportunity to travel and visit as she pleased.

In August, 1820, she accompanied her brother, his wife and a party of friends in a tour on the continent. The journey lasted for six months, during which Wordsworth revisited many of the favorite scenes of his earlier tour in order to give his sister the pleasures he had enjoyed. Their journey was completed by a ten days' visit with their only surviving brother, Dr. Wordsworth, then Master of Trinity College. They did not return to Rydal Mount until Christmas Eve, in time to celebrate the holiday and Dorothy's birthday at home. During this tour, she kept a journal for the benefit of her niece and favorite, Dora, who had outgrown the thick yellow curls of her childhood and was then a charming maiden of sixteen, already giving promise of the grace and genius which crowned her womanhood.

At this time, Miss Wordsworth's interests were divided between Dora and her two brothers, in whom she took the deepest interest. Three years previous, when Willy, at the age of nine, had been allowed to visit the Lambs in

London, Lamb had written an interesting letter to Miss Wordsworth in response to her inquiries about what he thought of the boy. He wrote: "You will think me negligent; but I wanted to see more of Willy before I ventured to express a prediction. . . . It is hard to discern the oak in the acorn, or a temple like St. Paul's in the first stone which is laid, nor can I prefigure what destination the genius of William Minor hath to take. . . . I am sometimes inclined to think that I perceive the future satirist in him, for he hath a sub-sardonic smile which bursteth out upon occasion; as when he was asked if London were as big as Ambleside; and indeed no other answer was given or proper to be given, to so ensnaring and provoking a question. In the contour of skull, certainly I discern something paternal. But whether in all respects the future man shall transcend his father's fame, Time, the trier of Geniuses, must decide. Be it pronounced peremptorily at present, that Willy is a well-mannered child, and though no great student, hath yet a lively eye for things that lie before him."

From these inquiries, may be seen more than the mere pride of the average aunt in the wel-

fare of her brother's children: an almost maternal interest in their future. It is worth while to add that Lamb continued to take a lively interest in this little boy, as is proved by a reference in a subsequent letter to his aunt, when Willy was at Charterhouse School, — "Willy shall be welcome to a mince-pie and a bout at commerce whenever he comes."

During these years, Miss Wordsworth was often a guest at the Lambs, and she paid frequent visits to London and went often to the home of her other brother at Trinity College, Cambridge, where there was another family of young people in whom she took a lively interest.

Until her fifty-fifth year, she was blessed with more than ordinary physical strength and her splendid health showed no signs of breaking until 1826, when she had her first serious illness. She recovered sufficiently, however, to resume her favorite pastime of walking and evidently did not use proper judgment in the matter, for her niece wrote to a friend, the following year: "Aunt Wordsworth has not yet walked herself to death, which I often tell her she will do, though she still continues the same tremendous pedestrian." Indeed, it must have

been a sacrifice for her to give up those rambles over mountain and moor in which she had so delighted and from which no distance ever frightened her, if she were assured of the companionship of her brother.

For six years, she continued in a state of semi-invalidism, but the quiet life she led did not deprive her of the joys and pleasures of family association, and to those who loved her these years were a precious memory when more deeply shadowed ones followed.

In 1832, she suffered from an alarming attack of brain fever, from the effects of which she never fully recovered. Writing to their brother in the spring of that year, Wordsworth said: "Our dear sister makes no progress towards recovery of strength. She is very feeble, never quits her room, and passes most of the day in, or upon, the bed. She does not suffer much pain, and is very cheerful, and nothing troubles her but public affairs and the sense of requiring so much attention. Whatever may be the close of this illness, it will be a profound consolation to you, my dear brother, and to us all, that it is borne with perfect resignation; and that her thoughts are such as the good and pious would wish. She

reads much, both religious and miscellaneous works."

From this time on, Dorothy Wordsworth became a confirmed invalid but, although she never regained the use of her limbs and at length her intellect became clouded, she did not immediately lose her mental faculties. The whole household vied in amusing and entertaining her and particularly the brother who had been the object of a lifetime's devotion and who now found opportunity to pay part of the debt he owed her. His letters at this period are filled with references to her. A significant allusion is found in the following letter to Lamb, written in 1837: "I have to thank you for a delightful volume of Elia. . . . The book has much pleased the whole of my family, viz. my wife, daughter, Miss Hutchinson and my poor sister, on her sick bed; they all return their best thanks. I am not sure but I like the 'Old China;' and the 'Wedding' as well as any of the Essays. I read 'Love me and my Dog' to my poor sister this morning. . . . I have been thus particular, knowing how much you and your dear sister value this excellent person, whose tenderness of heart I do not honestly believe was ever exceeded by

any of God's creatures. Her loving kindness has no bounds. God bless her for ever and ever."

At times she was better and every indication of improvement was eagerly noted by the poet in his letters. As the years went by and hope in her ultimate recovery grew fainter, he always referred to her with deep tenderness. A friend writing of a visit which he paid her in 1843 said, "He said on the terrace, 'This is a striking anniversary to me; for this day forty-four years ago, my sister and I took up our abode at Grasmere, and three days after we found out this walk, which long remained our favorite haunt.' There is always something very touching in his way of speaking of his sister; the tones of his voice become more gentle and solemn and he ceases to have that flow of expression which is so remarkable in him on all other subjects. It is as if the sadness connected with her present condition, was too much for him to dwell upon in connection with the past, although habit and the 'omnipotence of circumstance,' have made its daily presence less oppressive to his spirits. He said that his sister spoke constantly of their early days but more of the years they

spent together in other parts of England, than those at Grasmere."

So far as active existence was concerned, the life of Dorothy Wordsworth was now ended, and a kindly veil of mystery has been allowed to shadow her last years. His declining years could not be other than sad for her brother, although through all his trials he was sustained by the devotion of his beloved Mary. He lost many of the friends who were dear to him, missing most Coleridge and Charles Lamb, those two boon companions of his youth. The next year, sorrow entered his immediate family circle with the death of Sarah Hutchinson, and the year following, by the marriage of his daughter Dora, the poet lost the companionship of one who had in a measure taken the place of the first Dorothy. His happiness in the laureateship, which came to him in his seventy-fourth year, was overshadowed by his grief at his daughter's death in 1847. His brother had died the previous year, and thus he and his sister were the only surviving members of their family.

These trials did not come to the sister with their fullest force since "her mind had, as it were, gone before her, and she lived on in a

second infancy gratefully cherished in the poet's home." Yet she had frequent intervals of clearness of intellect, and throughout her brother's life remained devoted to him. When, at length, the news of his death was broken to her, she said that there was nothing left worth living for, and although she survived him for nearly five years, the light of her life had gone out. Her biographer gives a last glimpse of her as "a placid old lady of fourscore years, wheeled on the terrace at Rydal Mount, her unwrinkled though somewhat pensive face framed by a full-bordered cap, amusing herself by reciting poetry and other scraps which she had learnt in previous years and remembered wonderfully well."

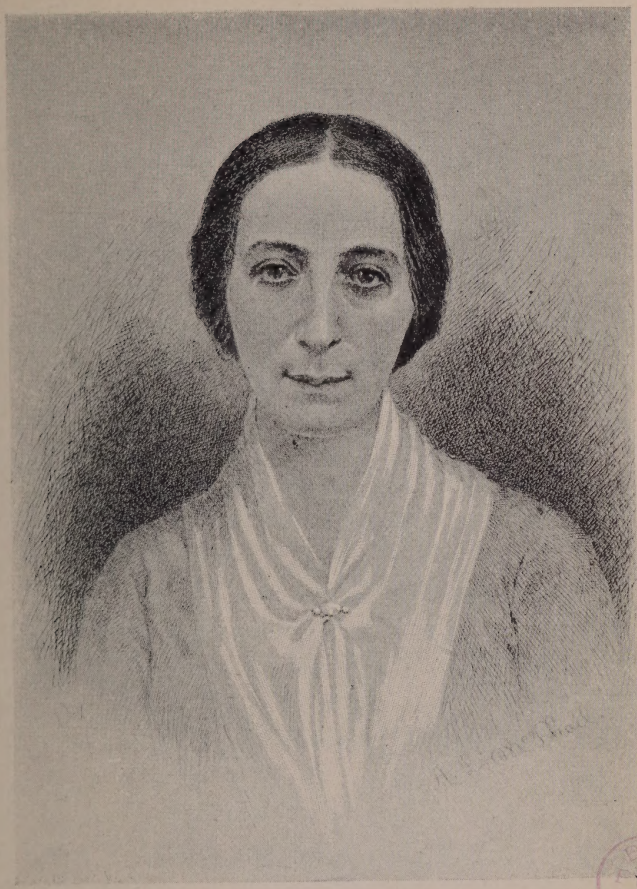
More than half a century has passed since they buried her by the side of the poet whose inspiration she had been. The noise of the railway, which her brother opposed, is heard in Grasmere and every year brings its throngs of curious tourists who hasten through the walks and nooks where the poets dreamed and sang in years gone by. The beauties of the Lake Region which they translated for less spiritual eyes have not been entirely spoiled by the changes of years although the privacy of

the country has, in a measure, vanished. To all travelers who love this place for the poet's sake, Rydal Mount and the little lot in Grasmere churchyard will ever be held in reverence and to them Dove Cottage stands to-day, a veritable inner shrine of poetry. Even the casual tourist is impressed when he crosses its threshold, for about the empty rooms there yet lingers an indefinable charm and a peaceful silence pervades the quiet garden where Dorothy used to work among her flowers. It is as if the little white cottage were yet dominated by the personality of its brilliant mistress and as if the blossoms she loved were still the object of her care. For her memory will ever be enshrined in this simple casket which is truly the heart of Wordsworthshire.

ELIZABETH WHITTIER

" The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content,
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings."

— JOHN G. WHITTIER.



ELIZABETH WHITTIER.

ELIZABETH WHITTIER

In the years when Mary Lamb was presiding over her brother's household in London and Dorothy Wordsworth was acting as her brother's amanuensis at Rydal Mount, another brother and sister, far across the Atlantic, were living together in mutual helpfulness and understanding. For the essence of such love has been as truly exemplified in the New World as in the Old. Illustrations of its beauty are foreign to no clime nor absent from any age.

The record of John and Elizabeth Whittier finds proper place at this point because the similarity of their relationship to that of their English contemporaries has been commented upon more than once. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford says of them: "Mr. Whittier's sister Elizabeth, sympathizing with him completely, of a rare poetic nature and fastidious taste, and of delicate dark-eyed beauty, was long a companion that must have made the want of any other less keenly felt than by lonely men

in general. The bond between sister and brother was more perfect than any of which we have known, except that between Charles and Mary Lamb; and in this instance the conditions were of perfect moral and mental health." A similar reference is made by Whittier's biographer in his comparison between the sisters of the English and American poets, for he wrote: "Like Dorothy Wordsworth, her life was one of unselfish devotion to her brother and, as a critic, her assistance was highly prized by him who after she had passed away thus touchingly recalls:

> . . . "the dear
> Memory of one who might have tuned my song
> To sweeter music by her delicate ear."

Whittier has made the circumstances and surroundings of his early life more familiar to his readers than have most poets. In "The Barefoot Boy," in "Telling the Bees," "In School-days" and other poems he has given a vivid portrayal of his childhood and, above all, in "Snow-bound" he has painted a never-to-be-forgotten picture of his family circle. The scene of this New England idyl, which is very appropriately preserved as his memorial, is

visited annually by quite as many tourists as travel through "Wordsworthshire," and the country which he has immortalized has been as appropriately termed "Whittier-land."

Under these circumstances, it is natural that the younger days of Elizabeth Whittier should have been investigated and their anecdotes a little more carefully preserved than in some similar cases. The latest-born of her family, and regarded by all as their "youngest and dearest," little Elizabeth Hussey Whittier was a very important member of that Quaker household whose family life has attracted world-wide attention. That she was the centre of interest and affection is seen by the lines describing the child as

> "One who held herself a part
> Of all she saw, and let her heart
> Against the household bosom lean."

Of her two brothers, Matthew was only three years her senior while her sister, Mary, nine years older was less than a year younger than their brother, John Greenleaf. Nevertheless, although the four children all seem to have loved and admired each other, there was

a special fondness on the part of the elder brother for the baby sister and he was her willing playmate. Possibly he had already discovered " her endless motion and vivacity and her readiness of speech and facility of intercourse," qualities which he lacked and which another, at a later period declared made her, " her brother's complement."

Their happy healthy childhood was replete with incidents illustrating their fun-loving activity. The story is told of Whittier's attempting to annoy his little sister by pretending to hang her cat on the railing to the attic stairs. There is another tale of Elizabeth's love of fun in her successful attempt to frighten two boastfully courageous hired men who had been swapping ghost stories. She had heard them and kept throwing pins over the door of her room into the " open chamber " which they occupied. As the pins struck the floor near them repeatedly, the men became nervous and refused to stay there another night.

Brought up by her excellent mother in accordance with the standards of the period, trained in the arts of housewifery and cherished though she was, the youngest of the family was not exempt from the regulations of the

household. Quaker traditions prevailed and novels were under a ban. Mrs. Claflin, in her "Personal Recollections," relates the story of Whittier's discovery of a chance copy of Scott's "Pirate" which he enjoyed in secret with his sister, "reading it late at night until they had exhausted the tallow dip and, at a critical point in the story had to retire ignominiously in the dark." The writer adds of the sister, "to him her shy beautiful soul opened like a flower in the warmth of social communion." Indeed, despite her vivacity and impulsiveness, she seems to have been reserved with outsiders and only showed the hidden depths of her nature to the members of an inner circle and to her brother, first of all.

Thus passed a singularly happy childhood, and she grew into a girlhood which gave promise of rare qualities in the future. Miss Harriet Minot, her most intimate girl friend, wrote of her long afterward as she appeared at this period "a sweet rare person, devoted to her family and friends, kind to everyone, full of love for all beautiful things, and so merry when in good health that her companionship was always exhilarating." Miss Minot declared: "I cannot imagine her doing a wrong thing or

having an unworthy thought. She was deeply religious and so were they all."

Miss Minot's reference to her health is explained by a passage in one of her brother's letters written in 1831, in his sister's sixteenth year. "My sister Elizabeth has been obliged to leave the academy on account of her health. What a poor miserable thing is human nature after all —

> "'The slightest breath can shake it,
> And the light zephyr easily can break it.'"

At this time there had been changes in the family circle, the father had died and the elder brother, whose literary attempts were already attracting attention and whose highest ambition at that time was to make his mark in politics, was holding a responsible position as the editor of *The New England Review*. The father's death had left them in a hard financial situation and the brother was struggling to pay off the debt which encumbered the Haverhill farm. These circumstances caused the young sister to live in retirement at the old home, but for this very reason, perhaps, she was more than ever influenced by her brother's

ambitions and was determined to follow in his footsteps. When the brother was at home, for a time, doing his editorial work by mail, his sister was eager to share his interests. In one of his letters of this period, he said: "A little sister of mine, a girl of sixteen summers, has, like her luckless brother, a disposition to make rhymes. The following, which I have somewhat feloniously and of malice aforethought abstracted from her writing desk, is a specimen of her versifying." [1] One stanza of the poem read —

"Oh there is beauty in the sky — a widening of gold
Upon each light and breezy cloud and on each vapory fold
The autumn wind has died away, and the air has not a sound,
Save the sighing of the withered leaves as they fall upon the ground."

But Elizabeth Whittier, frail and weak though she was, was destined to have more far-reaching and stirring interests than mere creative and critical literature could satisfy. If Whittier had been content to devote his whole life to poetry, perhaps her researches among

[1] *The New England Review*, March 14, 1831.

New England lore and legend might have become as important from a literary standpoint as Dorothy Wordsworth's journals. But Whittier was a humanitarian, he had the soul of a philanthropist and to his enthusiasms his sister clung with all the ardor of her personal feelings and the strength of her convictions. They lived in stirring times. Already, in their youth, the noise of conflict was in the air and upon the weaker side, which he firmly believed was the right side, Whittier threw all the weight of his influence.

It was in 1833 that Whittier made his definite stand on the side of anti-slavery and, sacrificing the ambitions of his youth, took up the fortunes of an unpopular cause. His sister was not slow to enter the same activities. She was present at the meeting of the Female Anti-Slavery Society in Boston, in 1835, when the mob broke up the meeting and dragged Garrison in the street, with a rope about his body.

She loved to entertain as guests her brother's friends among the anti-slavery leaders, who often came to speak before the society in Haverhill, and sometimes she braved personal danger by sheltering an enthusiast whose life was

threatened. A most exciting experience occurred in August, 1835, when Samuel J. May was mobbed by a number of men and boys when he attempted to speak in Haverhill. Elizabeth Whittier and her friend, Harriet Minot, risked insult and personal danger by taking his hands, one on each side, and probing their way through the throng. They were rudely treated but not injured, for they were both well-known, and this protected the speaker.

On the desk in the little parlor of the Amesbury cottage, to which the family removed in 1836 and where the poet resided, with the exception of a few intervals, for more than fifty-six years, lies a small volume containing the diary of Elizabeth Whittier in the years 1835-37. It is largely a personal record, but there are glimpses of those days of stress when she writes with righteous indignation:

"The three past days have been full of incident and excitement. Oh, we have been too proud of our country; we have been flattered, inordinately flattered, till like the self-glorying Pharisee we have thanked God we were not like other nations. America is working everlasting disgrace for her future name. The

shameful record must be written down that in this land of Bibles and law and learning and freedom, a minister of Christ, — a Paul in his zeal for the promotion of every cause of righteousness and truth, — a stranger led by the holiest impulses of humanity, coming among us to proclaim in his own wonderful and fervid eloquence the eternal principles of justice to mankind, — that such a man, with such purposes, was slandered by Americans, hated by Americans, and mobbed by Americans; that in Massachusetts thousands of dollars were offered for his assassination. Oh, I am sure I shall never be proud of my country; I shall much sooner be ashamed of my fatherland, while it is thus unchristianized."

In contrast, another entry in the diary shows another side of her character, her self-depreciation and excessive modesty when she writes: "George Thompson was to have been in Haverhill on his way to New Hampshire, yesterday afternoon; but he has not come. What can have detained him? I have watched very anxiously for his coming and have been fearful that all was not well. . . . I wish I was good enough to pray acceptably for his and all our dear friends' safety."

Again, she says: "George Thompson left us on Second day morning, and I was very, very sorry to have him go. I had begun to think of him not with the reverence and awe I used to connect with the name of George Thompson, the eloquent English orator, but quite as a dear friend. It is altogether too high, too happy a station. I am not worthy to be his friend, but I am proud that I am privileged to think of him as my friend."

The cause of abolition became the chief interest of her life and like her brother she devoted her best efforts to its advancement, although, unlike him, she did not live to see her dreams come true. It was characteristic of her to write in her journal on the occasion of their removal to Amesbury: "I wonder if I shall ever love Amesbury or its people, — I shall when I forget the dear ones and things at Haverhill, perhaps. I know scarce any of the abolition people here, but expect to like them all — or at least their abolition."

In this respect, she was not disappointed, for she was soon elected president of the Women's Anti-Slavery Society of Amesbury. Indeed, as the years went by she became very much attached to Amesbury and its people. During

the first four years of her residence there, she was cut off from companionship with her brother, who was then in Philadelphia, and was occupied in making a happy home for her mother and aunt. The little house was much smaller than the old homestead at Haverhill and was very plainly furnished. Even in later years, after it was enlarged and modernized, it was never elaborate or in any way pretentious. But it was maintained with an exquisite neatness and daintiness which charmed every visitor.

The brother and sister kept up a brisk correspondence and, while the sister reported the progress of their cause in the North her brother kept her informed of the exciting events of his life in the Quaker City. When at length his health failed in 1839 and he came home for a long summer vacation, his sister accompanied him on the return journey in October. She remained with him until February, when he resigned his position, and this trip to and from Philadelphia was the longest journey she ever made for, like her brother, she could not stand the fatigue of travel.

For the next eighteen years, they were seldom separated and the family life in the Ames-

bury cottage was uninterrupted in its quiet currents, although each member was active in great interests. Slowly but surely the genius of the poet-brother gained recognition, for his lyric exposition of the wrongs of slavery carried conviction in their refrains and brought converts to the cause. In a quieter way but in no uncertain manner, the sister was also working and her influence was potent among the women of her circle. Beside them both, sympathizing in their work, cheering their attempts and influencing their lives as she had from the beginning, was the mother whom they tenderly cherished.

Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who first made the acquaintance of the family during this period, has described the household as he remembers it, giving a word-picture of the sister, which is suggestive of her unusual personality.

"To me, who sought Whittier for his poetry as well as his politics, nothing could have been more delightful than his plain abode with its exquisite Quaker neatness. His placid mother, rejoicing in her gifted children, presided with few words at the hospitable board whose table-cloths and napkins rivalled her

soul in whiteness; and with her was the brilliant 'Lizzie,' so absolutely the reverse or complement of her brother that they seemed between them to make one soul. She was as plain in feature as he was handsome, except that she had a pair of great luminous dark eyes always flashing in fun or soft with emotion, and often changing with lightning rapidity from one expression to the other; her nose was large and aquiline, while his was almost Grecian; and had odd motions of the head so that her glances seemed shot at you like sudden javelins from each side of a prominent network. Her complexion was sallow, not rich brunette like his; and whereas he spoke seldom and with difficulty, her gay raillery was unceasing, and was enjoyed by him as much as anybody, so that he really appeared to have transferred to her the expressions of his own opinions."

Elizabeth's pen was not idle at this time and, although she was apt to belittle her own poetic talent, her brother's testimony proves that she was not only his critic and adviser but occasionally his collaborator. Often, he helped her with her rhymes and the song, "Fremont's Ride," lately published among his uncollected

poems, is an example of one of her compositions which shows traces of his hand.

This poem was published anonymously in the *National Era* in August, 1836, and that it was inspired by her own personal feelings and not alone from her sympathy with her brother's attitude towards the Free Soil movement is proved by the letter she wrote to her friend, Lucy Larcom, a few weeks previous.

"Our poor land! What can we do? I know what thee can do. Write a ringing song for freedom and Fremont. Fremont is my hero of years; his wild ranger life has had the greatest charm for me. I used to envy Kit Carson, who was always near him, helping bravely in the trials and dangers of his young leader. I wish I was somebody. I would do great things now — write songs, first of all. Will not someone set the present heart-beat of the people to music?"

Catching the rhythm of this old campaign song, the reader feels that this frail enthusiastic little hero-worshipper did indeed do what she longed to achieve and set the people's heart-beats to music.

"As his mountain men followed, undoubting and bold,
O'er hills and o'er desert, through tempest and cold,
So the people now burst from each fetter and thrall,
And answer with shouting the wild bugle call.
Who'll follow? Who'll follow?
The bands gather fast;
They who ride with Fremont
Ride in triumph at last.

. . . . . .

We ride not for honors, ambition or place,
But the wrong to redress, and redeem the disgrace;
Not for the North, nor for the South, but the best good of all.
We follow Fremont, and his wild bugle call! —
Who'll follow? Who'll follow?
The bands gather fast;
They who ride with Fremont
Ride in triumph at last!"

But her influence was felt in a more vital and potent sense within the limited boundaries of her home town. The family practised the homely virtue of old-fashioned neighborliness which is still remembered in Amesbury. The same spirit of kindly interest which prompted the brother in earlier years to sit on a barrel in the village grocery and discuss the political situation with his neighbors, wisely but unconsciously moulding their opinions, was mani-

fested by his sister when she interested herself in the young girls of the town. In various ways she gained their love and admiration. She formed a literary circle for their benefit, to which the girls themselves considered it an honor to belong, and she held their interest by her own ingenuity. It is said that she had a vivid imagination and was a delightful story-teller and that whenever she visited a certain household "the children used to climb upon the bed of an invalid sister and listen rapt to Elizabeth, who, sitting at the foot, told stories by the hour."

In these years, too, the tiny cottage was enlarged, the "Garden room," so long the poet's study and favorite apartment, was added and a pleasant chamber above it was provided for his sister. But at length, Death entered the household and the circle was narrowed. First "Aunt Mercy" obeyed the summons and, in 1856, the dear mother whose love had never failed them, passed from their sight.

To both brother and sister, this sorrow came as a great shock. Whittier wrote to a friend: "We are stunned by the great bereavement. The world looks far less than it did when she

was with us. Half the motive power of life is lost."

To her daughter, the bereavement was no less terrible, but she seemed to receive from it a new impetus towards her life-work, the cheering and sustaining of her brother. Henceforth she was more than ever devoted to him and he ever recognized her never-failing sympathy and complete understanding. Neither thought of marriage at that time, although since his death it has been shown that Whittier remained true for more than sixty years to the boyhood sweetheart from whom a perverse fate had separated him. If his sister hid a similar secret, the years have treated hers more kindly, for it has never been revealed to the world. To many people, however, her tender little poem "The Wedding-Veil" has been suggestive and it may be that in these three verses, her personal history has been touched upon.

"Dear Anna, when I brought her veil,
Her white veil, on her wedding night,
Threw o'er my thin brown hair its folds,
And, laughing, turned me to the light.

"'See Bessie, see, — you wear at last
The bridal veil, forsworn for years!'

She saw my face, — her laugh was hushed,
Her happy eyes were filled with tears.

. . . . . .

"Her tender love unlocked my heart;
Mid falling tears, at last I said,
'Forsworn indeed to me that veil
Because I only love the dead.'"

The two lived a quiet life but one which was replete with pleasing incidents. They kept up the traditional hospitality of their home and delighted in visitors. Bayard Taylor, James T. Fields and other literary men often honored their fireside while Lucy Larcom, Elizabeth's best-loved friend, was always a welcome guest. To "the Garden room" came many of the great and noted and there came also the poor and struggling. To each and all was given a cordial greeting, and the same spirit of hospitality which welcomed the honored guest from abroad cheered the humblest citizen of Amesbury. The house was always crowded to its utmost capacity with "drab colored people" when the Friends held quarterly meeting, for the family had long been identified with that denomination and had a wide acquaintance among them.

Sometimes the two went together to pay

brief visits, as they did in 1860 when they visited Lydia Maria Child, and oftener they took shorter outings at Salisbury Beach and other near-by places which they both loved and whose pristine beauty was then unspoiled. In the poem addressed to his sister, the poet makes reference to the mutual memories they shared and to the sympathy which prevailed between them.

"Lo once again our feet we set
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret
The roots of spectral beeches;
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
Home's whitewashed wall and painted floor —
And young eyes widening to the lore
Of faery-tales and witches.

"Dear heart, the legend is not vain
Which lights that holy hearth again,
And calling back from care and pain,
And death's funereal sadness,
Draws round its old familiar blaze
The clustered groups of happier days,
And lends to sober manhood's gaze
A glimpse of childish gladness.

"And knowing how my life hath been
A weary work of tongue and pen,

A long harsh strife, with strong-willed men,
Thou will not chide my turning
To con, at times, an idle rhyme,
To pluck a flower from childhood's clime,
Or listen, at Life's noonday chime,
For the sweet bells of Morning."

The Isles of Shoals was their favorite retreat during the hot months and there they passed many happy days. In the summer of 1863 Elizabeth fell upon the rocks and sustained a slight injury, which later caused her death. Always frail and delicate, she gradually grew weaker and the result of the accident assumed graver proportions as time passed. She lived a year but was almost a helpless invalid for many months, suffering much pain and confined to a darkened room. Yet she kept her interest in the outside world and her sympathy in her brother's work never wavered. She died as she had lived, cheerfully and bravely. So much did he still depend upon her that he wrote on the morning of her death, " Notwithstanding her great weakness, I find I was not prepared for the event. It is terrible — the great motive of life is lost."

His feeling was appreciated by all and even the outside world felt the quality of his grief.

One writer said, "Of the poet's sister, Elizabeth, it seems almost profanation to speak at all, so sacred was the bond between the two." While a local newspaper with unusual reticence declared: "The tidings of the death of Elizabeth Whittier went to the hearts of many in this community with a pang like that of a personal loss. Regard for the delicacy of a nature that held itself shrinkingly aloof from publicity forbids more than a passing tribute to its rare loveliness."

To the end of his life, and he survived her for nearly thirty years, Whittier missed the sweet companionship which had been his from childhood and in his letters in those first sad months there are many beautiful tributes to his lost one.

He wrote to Grace Greenwood, "My dear sister's illness was painful and most distressing, yet she was patient, loving and cheerful even to the last. How much I miss her! How much less I have to live for! But she is at rest; surely, few needed it or deserved it more, if it were proper to speak of desert in that connection. A pure, generous, loving spirit was hers. I shall love all her friends for her sake."

And again he wrote to Lydia Maria Child, "How strange and terrible are these separations — this utter silence — this deep agony of mystery — this reaching out for the love which we feel must be ever living, but which gives us no sign! Ah, my friend! What is there for us but to hold faster and firmer our faith in the goodness of God? God is good: He is our Father; He knows what love is, what our hearts sore and bereaved long for, and He will not leave us comfortless for is He not Love?"

It was this confidence which enabled him to triumph over his grief and to speak from the depths of his own understanding words which brought peace and comfort to many longing hearts. In later years, this spirit found expression in the lines:

"All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

"Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;
. . . . . .

"That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

"That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;"

After his sister's death, Whittier wrote to her best friend, Lucy Larcom, "If I can help it I do not intend the old homestead to be gloomy and forbidding through my selfish regrets. She would not have it so. She would wish it cheerful with the 'old familiar faces of the friends whom she loved and still loves.' I want thee to feel that the old homestead door is always open to thee."

For many years, he enjoyed the privilege of dispensing hospitality in his own home and when, in his old age it was deemed best for him to reside elsewhere, he did not deny that his heart clung most fondly to the little cottage which had sheltered his happiest years. He referred to it often and writing from it, on the eve of his eighty-second birthday, he said: "I came to Amesbury yesterday, where I hope

my birthday will pass quietly. As life draws nearer the close, one feels desirous to be near the old home and the unforgotten landscape of youth and to muse by the same fireside where our dear ones used to sit."

Again, he wrote, " I have been at Amesbury a fortnight. Somehow I seem nearer to my mother and sister; the very walls of the rooms seem to have become sensitive to unseen presences." If he had this feeling, how much nearer he must have felt to his dear ones when he was within sight of their pictured faces.

In the little parlor of the Amesbury cottage, the visitor may still see the two portraits which Whittier regarded as his dearest earthly possessions. The one of the mother, serene and calm, attracts attention, but the crayon portrait on the opposite wall compels the wandering glance. That it is a good likeness is beyond question, for Whittier wrote to Lucy Larcom, thanking her for the delicate kindness of her gift: " The more I look at it, the more striking seems the likeness. It gives Elizabeth's best expression such as I so often have seen, when she was comparatively well and happy."

But it is not the likeness which attracts the

stranger who never saw the original, but rather the expression of confidential and inspiring trust which suggests to one familiar with her life the nature of her love.

Gazing into the depths of those wonderful large eyes beneath that noble brow, no one can fail to realize the longing which Whittier had when he said he was " reaching out for the love which he felt must be ever living, but which gave no sign." Surely she carried her heart's interest into the broader life and " At Last " when the poet reached " the sheltering shade where sin and striving cease " and found " the river of His peace " he saw her

" waiting stand
And white against the evening star,
The welcome of her beckoning hand."

SARIANNA BROWNING

" Only a sister's part — yes, that was all;
And yet her life was bright and full, and free.
She did not feel, I give up all for him;
She only knew, ' 'Tis mine his friend to be.' "

— ANON.

SARIANNA BROWNING

ALL biographies of Robert Browning refer to his many friendships with noble-hearted women and to his peculiar dependence upon their sympathy. Besides these friendships which enriched his life, he was blessed with the love of three women whose lives were centred in him. He returned his mother's affection with all the ardor of his youth and she was ever a sacred memory to him. Upon his wife, his "lyric love," he bestowed a passionate devotion which is almost unparalleled; and, if his sister took a second place in his great nature, it was, in its way, an equally intense one.

This only sister was the woman who was most closely associated with him throughout his life; his playmate in childhood, his comfort and confidante in the despondency of his youth, his faithful friend throughout the fifteen years when his wife held first place in his interests and the solace of his broken-hearted manhood. Content always to serve those

whom she loved, the life of Sarianna Browning is one of the most beautiful examples of self-sacrifice to be found in all literary history.

Robert Browning was not quite two years old when his sister was born in Southampton Street, Camberwell, where their parents had lived since their marriage. When she was three months old, the little girl was christened, Sarianna, a combination of her mother's two Christian names, and the ceremony took place in Lockes Fields' Chapel, where her parents had first met and where their little son, Robert, had previously been christened.

The Camberwell in which Robert Browning and his sister spent their childhood was a very different suburb of London from the Camberwell of to-day. At the time of their birth the beautiful grounds of the old Walworth manor house had not been converted into the Surrey Zoological Gardens, as they were later; and only three coaches ran daily between Walworth, Charing Cross and Fleet Street. Well-to-do London clerks and merchants were only just commencing to seek for homes among its green shades, for Southampton Street itself had not long borne its name and was still referred to by the natives as "Dowlas Lane." It

was then possible to walk from it across the fields to " The Elephant and Castle," the celebrated old coach-house whose name is still familiar in London.

The home life of the Browning family in those early days has been pictured by many biographers of the poet. The father, who was an omnivorous reader, was fond of carrying his children in his arms when they were scarcely out of their babyhood and singing them to sleep with snatches of Greek poetry. Later, he told them stories, illustrating them with pictures drawn as he talked. Their mother used to play to them in the twilight, or tell them stories, or read to them from Croxall's " Fables; " and they spent long hours with her in the garden, for both children inherited her love for flowers and animals.

Throughout their childhood the brother and sister were the closest companions. Mrs. Orr in her biography of the poet recounts how the child Browning once " extemporized a surplice or gown, climbed into an arm-chair by way of pulpit, and held forth so vehemently that his scarcely more than baby-sister was frightened and began to cry; whereupon he turned to an imaginary presence and said, with all the stren-

uousness which the occasion required, 'Pew-opener, remove that child.'" Despite instances like this, however, in which the imagination of the older child carried her into realms of fearful reality, the little sister was always blindly devoted to her brother. When he was placed as a boarding-pupil at a school in a neighboring suburb, she was constantly anticipating his return for the week-end at home.

The house where the children were born, as well as another in the same street where the family subsequently resided, have both been pulled down, and Hanover Cottage, where Browning wrote his earliest poems, has also been demolished. This home, to which the family removed when Sarianna was ten years old, was one of the new semi-detached houses which were then springing up all through the neighborhood. There were trees in front of it and a deep garden behind it. Not far away was the hill-top above the village church (now Camberwell Grove) where the boy Browning used to spend his half-holidays, lying under the elm-trees, looking out over London and dreaming his boyish dreams. Dulwich Wood, where he received the inspiration for "Pippa Passes," lay in another direction.

It was about the time of their removal to Hanover Cottage that Robert Browning, then twelve years old, tried to find a publisher for a little volume of short poems which he had written under Byronic influence and named "Incondita." Disappointed at his lack of success, he destroyed the manuscript which had, meantime, been copied in part by Miss Flower, an acquaintance of his mother, and shown to the Rev. Wm. Johnson Fox for criticism. His ten-year-old sister did not see this ambitious work; but, according to Mrs. Orr, his biographer and intimate friend, "It was the only one of his finished productions which she did not read or even help him to write out." As she grew older, she became his literary confidante and her faith in his ultimate success was always strong. The short separations rendered necessary by the brother's attendance at Mr. Ready's school ended in his fourteenth year; and for the next two years his education was continued at home under a private tutor, so that the brother and sister were rarely separated. Home was such a pleasant place that the boy loved it devotedly; and two years later (1828), when he entered University College, he could not be persuaded to return to his lodg-

ings in the city after he had returned home for the first week end, but afterwards lived there during the few months that he remained at the University.

His sister took the keenest delight in this companionship and the home life was ideal. Throughout the period of restlessness and indecision through which Robert Browning passed in his early youth, the girl Sarianna Browning was his constant friend. To her only he confided the cause of his long solitary walks in Dulwich Wood when he was writing "Pauline," and it was not until the poem was entirely completed that he admitted his parents to the secret. The story of how his aunt gave him the money to publish it is well-known. Before it was sent to the publisher, however, Miss Browning made pencil copies of her favorite passages, for fear that she might never see the poem again. It fell to her to cheer the young poet in his pessimism over the failure of his first venture when a year later he wrote on the fly-paper of his first volume, not a single copy of which had been sold: "Only this Crab remains of the Shapely Tree of Life in this Fool's Paradise of mine."

The three months' journey to St. Peters-

burg which followed, when he accompanied Mr. Benckhausen, the Russian consul-general, as his secretary, was the first long separation from his sister. To her he wrote constantly; and, although the letters have all been destroyed, even in her old age Sarianna Browning could remember parts of them and was fond of telling of the youthful experiences of his first journey and of the strange impressions made on him by the vastness of Russia and the society of St. Petersburg.

Robert Browning's chief friends in Camberwell were his cousins, the Silverthornes, but when he was sixteen, he met for the first time a certain Captain Pritchard who became a great favorite in the family. He was described years afterward as " a little white-haired sailor with a squint who used to arrive laden with presents and who told delightful stories of adventure." He was very eccentric and never would tell anyone where he lived, so that there was always an air of mystery around him. He gave Sarianna Browning the gold watch which she treasured all her life and when he died, in 1860, left her £1000. He also remembered two other unmarried ladies in his will, accompanying the legacy with the remark

that " women should be provided for since they cannot earn their living." It was probably this old friend who first introduced the Brownings to the young people of another family where the young poet became a frequent visitor for within a few years Christopher Dawson was one of his most intimate friends. Two other young men, Alfred Domett and Joseph Arnould, were also his intimates in the little club known as the " Colloquials " but, although they were both from Camberwell families, the intimacy does not seem to have arisen until the Brownings had removed from that suburb.

This removal was made when Sarianna was about twenty-one years of age. Hanover Cottage, the home of their childhood, had long seemed too small for the family; and the six thousand books, to which their father was constantly adding, demanded more room than they could give to a library in their modest little villa. Then, too, the mother was now an almost chronic invalid and it was thought that the fresh air from the Surrey Hills would be beneficial to her. In their new home at New Cross, Hatcham, they had a large attractive house with a beautiful garden and a stable for the favorite horse, " York." This home was,

for the next few years, the centre of a pleasant social life.

For the first time, the young people were brought into close association with the young uncles and aunts, the children of their grandfather's second wife whom they had hitherto known but slightly. The intimacy with the members of "the Colloquials" grew rapidly, and Sarianna Browning had a share in many of the good times of her brother and his friends. One of the group, Alfred Domett, was now an exile in New Zealand; and two of the other young men had homes of their own, for Christopher Dawson had married Domett's sister and Joseph Arnould was also married. In their letters to the absent friend there are frequent references to the Brownings which show something of their life at this time. In one letter, Joseph Arnould says of Browning:

"He is a noble fellow. His life so pure, so energetic, so simple, so laborious, so loftily enthusiastic. It is impossible to know him and not love him.

"Sarianna, as my wife now always calls her, we are both very much attached to. She is marvelously clever, such fine clear animal

spirits, talks much and well, and yet withal is so simply and deeply good-hearted that it is a real pleasure to be with her. She often stays with us."

This home where Miss Browning was so welcome was at No. 18 Victoria Square — a quiet spot which has now entirely disappeared with the building of the great Victoria Station. She also loved to visit at the beautiful country home of the Dawsons in Woodford, Essex.

As the author of "Paracelsus," Browning had already gained some recognition in the literary world and his sister frequently welcomed in their home, Dickens, Talfourd, Leigh Hunt and other rising men of the day. Carlyle was a frequent visitor at this time; and Miss Browning often acted as hostess, for her mother was too ill to preside.

During these years, Robert Browning made his two first visits to Italy, the land of his dreams. On both these journeys, he wrote so frequently to his sister, and her name was so often on his lips that the captain of the merchant-vessel on which he was a passenger sent Miss Browning several bottles of attar of roses, some months later, as a gift to one unknown to

him but whom he had often heard mentioned.

At this period a new opportunity for service came to Sarianna Browning. Five years before Robert Browning's second trip to Italy, his father had renewed an acquaintance with an old school-friend, Mr. Kenyon. This gentleman became a frequent visitor in the Browning home and it is probable that he was the one who presented Sarianna with the "green books" containing the poems of his cousin, Elizabeth Barrett which Browning, a few months later, confessed to the author that he had appropriated, although they were his sister's property. Of course Miss Browning was especially interested in the passage in the poems referring to her brother and it is quite possible that she was the person who first called his attention to it.

"Paracelsus," "Sordello" and "Bells and Pomegranates," the most ambitious poems he had yet written, had been published at his father's expense and had brought the poet no financial return. Words of praise were at that time so infrequent that the passage in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" brought him distinct pleasure. Elizabeth Barrett had written:

"Or from Browning, some Pomegranate, which if cut down the middle,
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

and the poet, at Mr. Kenyon's suggestion, wrote the author how much he appreciated her interest. From this small beginning developed the attachment which was to be the supreme spiritual influence of Browning's life.

From the very beginning, Sarianna Browning was deeply interested in the new friendship which her brother had formed. Less than two months after the two poets had met, Miss Barrett refers to her in a letter to Browning in which she says: "You left behind your sister's little basket but I hope you did not forget to thank her for my carnations." In some of his letters, he requests her to allow him to bring his sister to call upon her but there is no evidence that he ever did so or that Sarianna ever met Elizabeth Barrett until she had been married to her brother for more than five years. But there is plenty of evidence to show that she loved her brother's friend because she was beloved by him and that she never questioned

the wisdom of his proposed secret marriage and consequent separation from his loving family.

Very early in his friendship with Miss Barrett, Browning wrote to her: "For the other matter, the talk of my visits, it is impossible that any hint of them can ooze out of the only three persons in the world to whom I ever speak of them. My father, mother and sister, to whom my appreciation of your works is no novelty since some years and whom I have made comprehend exactly your position and the absolute silence I enjoined respecting the permission to see you — you may depend on them."

It is probable that Sarianna Browning was taken into her brother's confidence long before the rest of his family for, in June, 1846, when Miss Barrett is telling Browning to think of the pain which the step they are contemplating may cause his father and mother, she makes no mention of his sister, who seems to be already in the secret. Doubtless her sympathetic attitude gave Browning such assurance that he could write with certainty: "In any case, they will take my feelings for their own with implicit trust — and, if I brought

them a beggar, or a famous actress even, they would believe in her because of me."

In all the letters of this period there are constant glimpses of the companionship between brother and sister. In February, 1846, he writes, " My sister is copying it (a poem) as I give the pages." Again, he and Sarianna have agreed to go and see Rachel as Hermione because " Sarianna has just this only opportunity of going." Another time, he says: " My sister keeps at home on account of the rain. She is very subject to colds and sore throat which the least dampness underfoot is sure to produce in her. So I am not near you."

During those months of 1846 when his mind was full of the plans for his new life which he was forbidden to discuss even with those trusted friends of his youth whom he yet visited frequently, it must have been a comfort to him to know that there was one sympathetic soul with whom he could share all his secrets.

How her own family realized this devotion is shown in the remark of her father; who on being asked one evening, shortly after the marriage, by the impatient husband if he should not be glad to see his new daughter replied:

" Indeed I shall, and how I should be glad of her seeing Sis." (Sarianna.)

In a letter to his bride written at this time, the young husband incidentally analyzed the character of this unselfish sister when he said: " My family all love you, dearest — you cannot conceive my father and my mother's child-like faith in goodness and my sister is very high-spirited and quick of apprehension, so as to seize the true point of the case at once. I am in great hopes you will love them all and understand them."

Sarianna also interested herself in the details of the elopement. On the eve of departure Mrs. Browning writes to her husband, " Will you ask our sister to put the parcel into a drawer so as to keep it for us." An amusing story shows that the announcement of the marriage in the newspaper, which had caused the lovers so much anxiety, was finally left to her. For John Foster went into such a rage when he read it, thinking it was a joke, that he demanded to be shown the manuscript of the notice at the newspaper office, and his wrath was only appeased when he recognized that it was in the handwriting of Sarianna Browning.

In her then unknown sister, Sarianna

Browning had, however, found a kindred spirit; for Elizabeth Barrett knew what it was to be devoted to a companion brother. The great sorrow of her life had come to her a few years previously, when her own beloved brother had been drowned in the foundering of a little yacht. So she knew and appreciated the sacrifice which her sister was making in encouraging a marriage which family opposition might have prevented, and her love for Sarianna is shown in all the letters she wrote her during her lifetime.

It was September, 1846, when Browning bade farewell to the loved ones in Hatcham and departed with his bride for Italy, where the idyll of their existence commenced. For him, life was broader and deeper in meaning than ever before; but for his sister, the period of happy youth was over. Henceforth, for many years, she was to be the faithful home daughter, the bearer of many cares; her life was less free than it had been formerly and she had fewer opportunities to mingle with the outside world. For slowly but surely the gentle mother grew more frail until it became evident that she would not live many years. But she lived until after the birth of her grandson and Miss

Browning's characteristic thoughtfulness for others was never more evident than in the way she broke the sad news to her brother in the midst of his joy at the birth of this child. She wrote two letters to Italy, saying first: "Mother is not well," and then "she is very ill," before finally confessing the truth. Nearly two years more elapsed before the brother and sister were once again united. At last, in the spring of 1851, the sister's heart was gladdened by the return of the brother from whom she had never before been separated for any length of time, and whose life was destined to be still more closely intertwined with her own.

Her father was so devoted to the little grandchild that he wanted to follow his son to Paris in the autumn, and so November found them settled for a time in the cozy apartment on the Champs Élysées. Those were happy days for all and Mrs. Browning wrote of them to a friend. "Robert's father and sister have been paying us a visit during the last three weeks. They are very affectionate to me and I love them for his sake and their own. They are an affectionate family and not easy when removed from one another."

Paris was nearer Italy than London, and after their long sojourn in that city both father and daughter felt that they should be happy there. Accordingly, the house at Hatcham, now haunted by painful memories, was given up and, in April, 1852, they settled in Paris. For fourteen years Sarianna Browning was mistress of the little home they established there, which became a centre for her father's and brother's friends who came to love her for her own sake. The visits which Robert Browning and his wife made out of Italy were now more frequent. In June, 1855, they took Sarianna back to London with them for a summer among old friends, and they were constantly spending a few weeks at a time in some cozy apartment near their father's home. The little lad, "Penani," the pet and joy of them all, was devoted to his aunt; and used to write her long childish letters, when he was in Italy.

Robert Browning and his wife spent the entire winter of 1855-6 in Paris, and in the summer of '58 the two families enjoyed their holidays together. They took a large airy house on the outskirts of Havre, where they remained for eight weeks, and were near each other in Paris for several weeks before the poet and

his family returned to Italy. The family was never together again, for Mrs. Browning died in Florence in June, 1861, only a few weeks after she had been eagerly planning for her own family to join Arabel Barrett and Browning's father and sister for a summer at Fontainebleau.

As soon as possible the bereaved poet with his little son left Florence forever and journeyed to Paris. Fifteen years before, previous to his marriage, Browning had written to Miss Barrett: " O, my dearest, I want you to read Landor's Dialogue between Tasso and his Sister — how I like (love is not my word now,) but like, Landor more and more." Probably he did not then realize that he, too, would one day seek comfort from his own beloved sister when the light of his life had gone out; but the beautiful words of Cornelia must have struck a corresponding chord in his heart, when she said:

" Ah! let the tears flow, she sends you that balm from heaven." And again — " O heavens! what must you have suffered, for a man's heart is sensitive in proportion to its greatness."

Father, son and daughter with little Penani started almost immediately for Brittany, which

was then an almost unexplored country to foreigners. St. Enogat near Dinard was their chosen retreat, but, although it was a beautiful spot and had no associations with his happier life, Browning never cared to return to it.

Browning settled in London in order to be near his wife's sister, who took a maternal interest in her nephew, but he was frequently in Paris and generally spent his summers with his father and sister. These vacations were most often passed in some part of rural France and were seasons of quiet happiness for the three who had been drawn even closer together by mutual sorrows. The last holiday of this kind was spent at St. Marie, a little fishing-hamlet near

> "Pornic down by the sea,
> Just where the sea and the Loire unite!"

Here they occupied the mayor's house, which was "large, and clean and bare" and hard by the little old Norman church. The brother and sister never cared to come here again; for when they sought a rural retreat for the next summer, their father had died.

It was on the occasion of their father's death

that Browning wrote to a friend in sympathetic appreciation of his sister: " You see what she loses. All her life has been spent in caring for my mother and seventeen years after that, my father. You may be sure that she does not rave and rend her hair like people who have plenty to atone for in the past; but she loses very much."

Miss Browning now became the mistress of her brother's home at 19 Warwick Crescent, the house which he had taken in the early years of his widowerhood, when life in lodgings had become intolerable. This house now became the centre of a quiet but generous hospitality. " After fifteen years of comparative social seclusion in Italy, Browning now carried into his social intercourse a kind of freshness which a man of fifty has not generally preserved." His sister was, says one of his biographers, " a woman of excellent understanding, good sense and good temper, and she devoted herself to her brother as she had previously devoted herself to her parents." " From that time, onward," says Sharp, " she was his inseparable companion and ever one of his dearest and most helpful of friends. In latter years brother and sister were constantly together

and so regular attendants were they at such functions as the Private Views at the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery, that they never seemed to be complete without them. A Private View, a first appearance of Joachim or Halle, at each of these, almost to a certainty, the poet was sure to appear."

The house at Warwick Crescent was a charming home, although located in a somewhat dreary part of London. The canal which ran past it, gave it a touch of Italian romance and the green trees which shaded it a hint of the real country. The interior, also, had an individuality of its own, for pictures and books lined the stairs and the carved oak furniture and tapestries from the Old World gave dignity to the long drawing-room.

In the summers, the two did not care for strenuous social life and loved to take refuge in some quiet spot where they were entirely by themselves or could enjoy the companionship of only a few privileged friends. In the first summer of their life together, they sought quiet in Le Croisic, the home of that sailor with " the frank blue Breton eyes " whom Browning immortalized in " Hervé Riel." In subsequent seasons, they sought out other unfrequented

places in Brittany and Normandy. Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie in her reminiscences has described one of their characteristic summer homes. It was located in the little Norman town of St. Aubin and the poet afterwards described it in "Red Cotton Nightcap Country," saying:

"That just behind you is mine own hired house,
With right of pathway through the field in front."

Mrs. Ritchie calls it "a straight little sentry-box," and adds, "The sitting-room opened to the garden and the sea beyond — a fresh-swept bare floor, a table, three straw chairs, and a little dumb piano in the room. The bed-room was as bare as the sitting-room."

Browning and his sister, who loved the luxurious appointments of their London home, did not care for these things during the holidays and were always ready to adapt themselves to the most primitive conditions. St. Aubin had attracted them in this summer of 1872 because it was the summer home of M. Milsand, who who been their kind neighbor in Paris and who extended to the father and sister the friendship which he had, previously, given the poet. In

the above-mentioned poem, Browning refers to him as:

> "Milsand, who makest warm my wintry world,
> And wise my heaven, if there we consort too."

Their travels were not confined to the summer sojourns on the Continent for the two were frequently together in different parts of England. Miss Browning accompanied her brother to Oxford in 1882, when the honorary degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon him; and on other occasions she was with him there, when they were both the guests of Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol. Although she was almost never separated from her brother, Miss Browning sometimes attended functions at which no amount of persuasion could induce the poet to be present. One of these was the dramatic performance of "A Blot on the Scutcheon," at St. George's Hall, in 1885, which Miss Browning attended with a friend. For, according to the testimony of an American gentleman who knew him well, "Browning never attended a Browning meeting, nor witnessed the performance of one of his plays, nor appeared at the supper after it was over."

The holiday which they took in the summer of 1877 ended sadly with the sudden death of their friend and companion, Miss Egerton Smith, at La Sais, a little village near Geneva. For this reason they desired an entire change of scene the next year, and so Browning decided to take his sister to Italy, the country which he had so often described to her but which she had never seen.

Asolo and Venice were their objective points but they tarried on the way at Verona and, for a night, at Lake Como. This visit to Asolo gave the poet great happiness. Ever since he had first discovered the town in his youthful wanderings, it had been his favorite spot in his beloved Italy; and he referred to it repeatedly as "My very own of all Italian cities." Writing from here at this time, he said: "S. who has been writing at the opposite side of the table has told you about our journey and adventures, such as they were — but she cannot tell you of the feelings with which I revisit this, to me, memorable place, after forty years of absence. . . . Primitive indeed are the arrangements and unsophisticated the ways, but there is cleanliness, abundance of good-will, and the sweet Italian smile at every

mistake; we get on excellently. To be sure there never was such a perfect fellow traveller, for my purposes, as S., so that I have no subject of concern, if things suit me they suit her and vice-versa."

The fortnight which the two spent in Venice at this time was long enough to convince them that no place could better suit them for an autumn holiday; and seven times more during the eleven remaining years of Browning's life, the two spent their late vacation in Venice.

It was their custom to spend part of the summer in some place in France or Switzerland and then follow with a few weeks in or near Venice. The poet's private letters of that period are filled with accounts of the pleasures he was enjoying with his sister. Writing from Isere, France, at the end of August, 1881, he says . . . "Well-bestowed as you are in Wales, you would be struck at the extraordinary picturesqueness and beauty of this wild little clump of cottages on a mountain amid loftier mountains. The 'Royal' is the roughest inn and its arrangements the most primitive, I have yet chanced upon, but my sister bears them bravely. We stay two or

three weeks longer, weather permitting, then go to Venice."

Again, he writes from Switzerland, in September, three years later: "Nothing could exceed the delightfulness of the weather, yet the 'season' is over long ago — the hotels are shut up, and the place deserted mostly. We have walked every day, morning and evening — afternoon, I should say — two or three hours each excursion, the delicious mountain air surpassing any I was ever privileged to breathe. My sister is absolutely herself again and something over. I was hardly in want of such doctoring."

This letter and the one written the following summer are suggestive of passages in the life of William and Dorothy Wordsworth when they explored the Lake District together, for Browning says in his letter from Val d'Aosta, Italy:

"We are all but alone, the brief 'season' being over, and only a chance traveller turning up for a fortnight's lodging. We take our walks in the old way; two and a half hours before breakfast, three after it, in the most beautiful country I know. Yesterday, the three hours passed without our meeting a sin-

gle man, woman, or child; one man only was discovered at a distance at the foot of a mountain we had climbed."

It was during their autumn visit in Venice, in 1880, that the Brownings first met Mrs. Arthur Bronson, the American woman who became their life-long friend. To her intimate accounts of the poet's life in Italy in these later years which she contributed to *The Century Magazine,* after Browning's death, she makes frequent reference to his sister.

In these years, the poet was enjoying his well-deserved but long-delayed fame. He used to be amused and sometimes annoyed by the unquestioned proof of his popularity which came in the form of requests for autographs. He always responded by writing his name with a line of verse but, as Mrs. Bronson says, " He could not possibly have managed to keep pace with his large correspondence but for the aid of his sister, his guardian angel, who helped him in this as in many other ways — not obtrusively, for she knew his strong spirit of independence, but with the fine tact that can be inspired by intense affection only, combined with a high order of intelligence. The most perfect understanding existed between the two

and the devotion of the sister to the supremely endowed brother was appreciated and admired by all who were privileged to observe it."

Sarianna Browning had always appreciated the influence of her sister-in-law upon her brother. It was because of this perfect understanding between them that Elizabeth Barrett Browning had written so frankly to Sarianna in earlier years: "Nobody exactly understands him except me, who am in the inside of him and hear him breathe. For the peculiarity of our relation is that he thinks aloud with me and can't stop himself." Again, writing of the lack of appreciation which her husband had met in his native land, where her own poetry had been received so cordially, she said: "His treatment in England affects him naturally, and for my part I set it down as an infamy of that public: — in other words, the blindness, deafness and stupidity of the English public to Robert are amazing."

Realizing as she did the many years during which he had waited for appreciation, it was a double joy to his sister to help him to bear any cares which this popularity brought him and to share in its pleasures. To her devotion much of his happiness was due in later years and, as

Miss Cary says, "He never wrote of her in any way, it being no part of his plan to unfold his domestic life in verse, but he obviously depended upon her for the solicitude, affection and consideration, without which a being of his temperament must genuinely have suffered." It was due to her unfailing devotion that he could write in the poem, "At the Mermaid," speaking for Shakespeare and surely for himself too: —

> "Have you found your life distasteful?
> My life did and does smack sweet.
> Was your youth and pleasure wasteful?
> Mine I saved and hold complete.
> Do your joys with age diminish?
> When mine fail me, I'll complain.
> Must in death your daylight finish?
> My sun sets to rise again."

There were two summers when the state of Miss Browning's health obliged them to remain in England and they enjoyed the beauties of North Devon while she was convalescent. Her illness, in 1886, was dangerous and the poet's anxiety was hard to bear; but she rallied and when, in the following summer, they spent their holiday at their favorite St. Moritz,

he was able to write: "Both my sister and myself have been greatly benefited by our month's stay in these altitudes."

In 1887, Browning and his sister removed to a new house in South Kensington, an entirely different portion of London from where they had lived previously. The poet took keen delight in arranging his library and his treasures of old furniture and curios in his new home. His sister shared his eagerness; and together they sorted and arranged the books which had belonged to their father, preparatory to placing them on new shelves, but the task was never quite completed, for they left England for their annual sojourn in Italy before they had finished the work — and the poet never returned.

On this last visit to Italy which they made together, the two went, as they had done on their first trip eleven years previous, to Asolo and Venice. Browning was anxious to buy some property in Asolo where he might erect a house of his own, christen it "Pippa's Tower," and use it as an Italian home for himself and his sister. Failing to get the land he desired, they went to Venice, where they found a cordial welcome awaiting them in the beauti-

ful Palazzo Rezzonico, where the poet's son and his young wife had recently settled. This ideal Venetian home somewhat reconciled the poet to his disappointment over his failure to carry out his darling plan at Asolo and to his previous failure to provide a home for himself in Venice.

Here the two resumed the routine which they had followed on earlier Venetian holidays. Rising early, they went to the Public Gardens, after their simple breakfast, and fed the imprisoned animals, which they loved as much as they had others in their childhood. Then, after a morning of reading and writing together, they would go out in a gondola, always towards the Lido, their favorite spot where the poet longed to build his "house o' dreams." Then the evenings would be spent either in happy family intercourse, when the poet would improvise at the piano, or in the society of the friends and guests who appreciated these opportunities for meeting the poet. "I am good for ten years yet," Browning remarked, early in the trip, and his sister little dreamed that their days together were numbered. When his sudden illness developed alarmingly, she pitifully insisted that it would

not be fatal and remained close beside him until the end.

When the great men of England gathered to do him honor at the funeral in Westminster Abbey, the faithful sister was not present, for her strength had given way beneath the strain of her sudden bereavement. Her nephew's wife wrote to a friend in America: "Poor Aunt Sarianna! Her loss has made a great change in her: she has felt it terribly. She has been very very ill from the shock. She is better now, though she hardly leaves her room yet."

For the remaining fourteen years of her life, Miss Browning lived in Italy, the land which her brother had made so peculiarly his own and with which her own interests were now identified for, after his father's death, she seemed to live only for the son upon whom his devotion was lavished. Mr. Robert Wiedemann Browning eventually carried out his father's dream and built "Pippa's Tower" in Asolo; later, he bought the old home of the Peruzzi family, La Torre all' Antella, just outside of Florence, and his aunt enjoyed the treasures of that city which her brother and his wife had loved.

During Browning's lifetime, his sister had

never gone south of Venice, although she had with her brother explored most of the notable cities of northern Italy. But now she came to know Rome as well as Florence and used to spend some weeks of the winter season in the Eternal City. Biographers of the poet who sought her advice and help, found her ever ready to talk of her beloved one, and she often supplemented her own impressions of modern Italy with extracts, quoted from memory from those letters, long since destroyed, which Browning had written to her as a young man during his first visits to Italy.

As long as she lived she retained her characteristic fondness for pretty personal belongings which Mrs. Bronson remarked during earlier years when she said: " She wore beautiful gowns of rich and sombre tints and appeared each day in a different and most dainty French cap and quaint antique jewels."

She died in her ninetieth year at her nephew's Florentine home and was buried in the new English cemetery. In Florence, there are those who still cherish the memory of this charming old lady, who was characterized to the end of her life by a sweet and most unselfish disposition.

An unsigned tribute to her character which appeared in *The Athenæum* in May, 1903, shortly after her death, shows the impression which she left with those who knew her in later life.

" Mother, father, brother, nephew — her life was given to each in turn with a devotion so perfect that it seemed natural, and was, indeed, the expression of a nature in which there was no thought of self. Not that there was any want of individuality in her character — far from it. Her friends have said that during her brother's life she was content somewhat to efface herself behind his vigorous and vivacious personality; but certainly in her later years she had a vigor and vivacity of her own which heightened the charm of her sweet and most unselfish disposition. In brightness and freshness, in a vigor of mind and body which lasted almost unimpaired to the end of a long life, in nobility as well as charm of character, she had much in common with her great brother; and the loss which her death occasioned to all who had the privilege of her acquaintance — above all, to the nephew whose devotion to her was only equalled by her devotion to him is one that cannot be estimated or described."

HANNAH MACAULAY

(LADY TREVELYAN)

" But were another childhood world my share,
I would be born a little sister there."

— GEORGE ELIOT.

HANNAH MACAULAY

(LADY TREVELYAN)

LORD MACAULAY was the eldest of a family of nine children, to all of whom, according to the testimony of his favorite sister, "He was an object of perfect worship." The members of his family with whom he was most closely associated were his two younger sisters, Hannah and Margaret. Margaret died in early womanhood but Hannah was his dearest friend as long as he lived. Even after she became a wife and mother, she made him feel that he still retained the place in her heart which he had won in her girlhood and she shared with him the joys of her new relationships.

Hannah and Margaret were so closely associated from their babyhood and their childish experiences were so similar that an account of the first twenty years in the life of one must include many references to the other. To obtain a complete picture of these years it is necessary to read the diaries and letters of each.

Both girls were born in the roomy, comfort-

able dwelling on the south side of Clapham Common where their father, Zachary Macaulay, had established a home some years previous. In the comfortable villas surrounding the Common lived most of that little coterie known as " the Clapham sect," of which Zachary Macaulay was an influential member. These men, who followed various callings, were all united in the common bond of interest, not only in the abolition of the British slave trade but in all kinds of charitable and benevolent schemes. They were bound by ties of closest friendship, which extended to the second generation; and they took a real and vital interest in the children of their friends.

As a boy, Thomas Macaulay was a prime favorite among all the children of this neighborhood and among his own brothers and sisters, " his unruffled sweetness of temper, his unfailing flow of spirits, and his amusing talk, all made his presence so delightful that his wishes and tastes were their law." He was always of a home-loving disposition and, from earliest childhood, showed a great reluctance to being separated from his loved ones. The whole household anticipated his holidays, when he would return from boarding-school. Writ-

ing of them, long afterwards, his sister Hannah said: " My earliest recollections speak of the intense happiness of the holidays, beginning with finding him in papa's room in the morning; the awe of the idea of his having reached home in the dark after we were in bed and the Saturnalia which at once set in; — no lessons; nothing but fun and merriment for the whole six weeks."

Hannah and Margaret were only eight and six years old, when the family removed to London, but they were not too young to have formed a real and lasting affection for their birthplace and for the Common, that great stretch of greensward which is yet one of London's favorite breathing-places and which was their earliest play-ground. There the Macaulay children played at hide and seek and walked together, a happy little family band, and there they had their earliest lessons.

It was while they were living in Clapham that the sisters made their first acquaintance with their father's library. One of Hannah's earliest recollections was of the summer of 1816, when their mother took them to Brighton for their annual visit to the shore and Tom read aloud to them, " Sir Charles Grandison."

This novel became one of their favorite books, although novels as well as poetry were strictly prohibited by their father, except in Tom's holidays. In later years, he became more indulgent and the girls were, in their youth, passionately devoted to novel-reading.

In 1818, the Macaulays moved to a more pretentious home in London. Their new house was located in Cadogan Square, So. Kensington, which was then practically a rural suburb of London. Its chief attraction to the elder members of the family lay in the fact that it was near the new home of the Wilberforce family in Kensington Gore. The older girls in the family enjoyed the social advantages which were now open to them but the two little sisters led a rather uneventful life under the watchful eye of Miss Tibbs, the family governess, who had watched over more than one generation of the family.

Their chief delights were the family outings in which they shared during the summers. In 1819, they went to Matlock and took delightful excursions to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth before going to Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, the seat of their uncle, Thomas Babington. This gentleman was their father's

partner in business and his house, where Thomas Macaulay was born, was always a second home to his nephews and nieces.

Another visit of especial interest to Hannah was made in 1820, when she accompanied her mother and sisters to Barley Wood, where Hannah More, their mother's old and tried friend, gave them a cordial welcome. Mrs. Macaulay had been educated in the private school which the More sisters had conducted in earlier years and they had first introduced her to Zachary Macaulay. Mrs. More had always been greatly interested in the Macaulay children and Hannah had been named for her because, at her birth, Hannah More had requested that she might stand god-mother to her.

The children had frequently visited in the More household but this was the first visit which they had paid her since the death of the other sisters had left Hannah the sole mistress of Barley Wood, the mansion which the five More sisters had built and occupied together near Wringham. "The Queen of Barley Wood," as she was then called, was then seventy-five years old and in the height of her fame. Visitors from every part of the globe

flocked to see her in her modest mansion. From twelve to three daily, she was at home to all, but, at other times, she gave herself entirely to the entertainment of her private guests. The Macaulay girls were free to roam as they willed in the beautiful garden, where every tree had been planted either by their hostess, or under her direction; and they discovered, in its charming nooks and corners, the rustic seats and temples which gave it unexpected charm. Their father thus commented on the delight which his daughters took in this visit in a letter to their rare old friend, dated, December, 1820, in which he says:

"My wife has told you of her safe arrival with her tribe of girls who all returned with their mouths and their hearts too, I verily believe, full of Mrs. Hannah More. Hannah entertained us for a long evening with all the displays of impromptu wit to which she had listened at Barley Wood, and has frequently broken in upon our dulness since with recollected flashes which had been omitted in the first recital."

Mrs. Macaulay superintended the education of her daughters, and there are interesting passages in her husband's published letters which

show that she often sought his advice on such important matters. She must have also consulted with Mrs. Hannah More about the education of her girls for, in a letter written to his wife about the time she was staying at Barley Wood, Zachary Macaulay says: "I am glad Margaret has acquitted herself so well both intellectually and morally. I assure you I never thought her at all wanting in understanding, only her prominent quality is tender affection. Well, whatever credit they may have for improvement either morally or intellectually must be given to you and I have much more pleasure in your having it than if I had it myself. I have always been disposed to prefer private education for girls. Among the advantages, they enjoy a greater range of intellectual conversation and of varied reading . . . and, undoubtedly, it is no small benefit to be at home during Tom's holidays which, undoubtedly, they might not be if at school. He certainly is of very great use to the very youngest of them. The very interest their affection leads them to take in his pursuits, and in mine also, is elevating to young minds expanding into life and action."

This reference to the interest of the eldest

son in the younger members of the family is significant just at this time, for it was soon after this date, that Thomas Macaulay was called upon to take a share in the family burdens as well as in the pleasures. At the time of the Macaulays' removal to London, the firm of Babington and Macaulay was very prosperous and Zachary Macaulay's personal fortune was, at that time, estimated at 100,000 pounds. But financial troubles arose and multiplied so rapidly that it became necessary to give up the mansion in Cadogan Square, which the family had occupied for less than five years, and, in 1823, to seek a less pretentious home. Their new house was located at 50 Great Ormond Street, and was a large, old-fashioned, rambling mansion, which had been a fine residence in the days when it had been located in a fashionable part of the town and which was still stately with past grandeur.

Just before moving to the new home, in June, 1823, the whole family spent a delightful holiday at Rothley Temple. Writing of it to Hannah More, Zachary Macaulay says: "Here we are, eleven Macaulays in a body, and with us the Gisbornes so that, with the Babingtons, we form a large and imposing

party. The Temple is beautiful at present, its peaceful air is quite enchanting to one so long in populous cities pent. Every breeze seems loaded with fragrance and health. And there is the spirit of its master diffusing peace and serenity around him and contributing by his unaffected cordiality of Christian kindness to the happiness of all who approach him. I rejoice in the opportunity of making my young folks acquainted with this fascinating scene of tranquil enjoyment, the result of Christian tempers and affections."

During the last years which the family had spent at Cadogan Square, the eldest son who had finished his course at Cambridge University, resided at home and he continued to do so for a time after the family had moved to their new house. In 1824, he was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, which gave him an income for the next few years, almost sufficient to make him an independent man. Although he was called to the bar and joined the northern circuit in 1826, it is recorded he never took his profession very seriously and spent as little time as possible in his chambers. Indeed, it was not until 1829 that he made any pretence of residing in the cham-

bers which he had taken at No. 8 South Square, Gray's Inn, and which he subsequently occupied for five years.

At this period, Macaulay realized that his father's financial misfortunes would prevent him from carrying out his own personal plans and that he must share the responsibility of starting his younger brothers and sisters in life. It was natural, therefore, that he should begin to take a more personal interest in those who were, to some extent, dependent upon him. Writing in her journal in 1831, Margaret Macaulay said: "I think I was about twelve years when I first became very fond of my brother, and from that time my affection for him has gone on increasing during a period of seven years. I shall never forget my delight and enchantment when I first found that he seemed to like talking to me. His manner was very flattering to such a child, for he always took as much pains to amuse me and to inform me on anything I wished to know as he could have done to the greatest person in the land."

The friendship which thus grew up between the youngest sister and her eldest brother was shared by Hannah and they made a happy

trio. If "Tom" was an object of worship to both sisters, Margaret was no less beloved by the other two, for she seems to have had a rare and lovely character combined with unusual judgment and ability, which made even the older members of the family seek her advice on important matters as she grew older.

The years in which they lived in the Great Ormond Street house always held the happiest memories for Hannah Macaulay and, in later years, Thomas Macaulay often recalled them with much pleasure. Their social life in this home was limited to the family circle and intimate friends; for there was now no money for elaborate entertaining and the mother, who had always preferred the quiet of solitude to the pleasures of society, did not encourage any attempts towards fashionable life. But the family circle was, as yet, unbroken and the long, happy evenings, spent in reading aloud, in singing and in playing games, satisfied all the young people's desires for pleasure.

As time went on, the pecuniary difficulties of the family grew more grave but the younger members of the household faced them with light hearts. This is shown by a letter which Hannah wrote to one of her cousins in which

she says: "You say nothing about coming to us. You must come in good health and spirits. Our trials ought not greatly to depress us; for, after all, all we want is money, the easiest want to bear, and when we have so many mercies — friends who love us and whom we love, no bereavements and, above all, if it be not our own fault, a hope full of immortality — let us not be so ungrateful as to repine because we are without what in itself cannot make our happiness."

But soon real losses and sorrows came to the household. In September, 1830, Jane, one of the elder daughters, died very suddenly, breaking the family circle for the first time. She had been her mother's closest associate and the shock to her was so great that she never fully recovered from it and died in the spring of the following year. Soon afterwards, his financial burdens became so great that Zachary Macaulay was obliged to sell the house in Great Ormond Street and move his family to a small and inexpensive house in Bernard Street, near Russell Square.

At this time Thomas Macaulay's chief aim seems to have been to divert his sisters' minds from their sorrows and anxieties. At the time

of their mother's death, his sister, Margaret, wrote in her journal of the loving sympathy and help of their brother, saying at the end of the passage: "I never saw him appear to greater advantage, never loved him more dearly."

Macaulay was now living in his chambers at Gray's Inn but he spent all the time he possibly could in the little house with his sisters. In September, 1831, Margaret wrote, "Of late we have walked a good deal. I remember pacing up and down Brunswick Square and Lansdowne Place for two hours one day, deep in the mazes of the most subtle metaphysics; up and down Cork Street, engaged over Dryden's poetry and the great men of that time; making jokes all the way along Bond Street and talking politics everywhere — "

In the late autumn of that year, he gave his two sisters an outing which was just the kind calculated to please two pretty girls just out of their teens. He took them on a visit to Cambridge and Oxford. Of this visit, Hannah wrote, years afterward: "All the young Masters of Arts there delighted in providing a welcome for the sisters of a comrade of whom they were fond and proud.

"On the evening that we arrived, we met at dinner Wherwell, Sedgwick, Airy and Thirwall; and how pleasant they were and how much they made of us two happy girls, who were never tired of seeing and hearing and admiring! We breakfasted, lunched, and dined with one or the other of the set during our stay and walked about the colleges all day with the whole train. . . . We then went on to Oxford, which from knowing no one there seemed terribly dull to us by comparison with Cambridge and we rejoiced our brother's heart by sighing after Trinity."

Traces of these hours spent with his sisters are often found in Macaulay's own letters and journals. One especially pretty reference occurs in his letter to Hannah, written in September, 1832, nearly a year after their holiday in the university towns, in which he says: "I came through Oxford. It was as beautiful a day as the second day of our visit, and the High Street was in all its glory. But it made me quite sad to find myself there without you and Margaret. All my old Oxford associations are gone. Oxford, instead of being, as it used to be, the magnificent old city of the seventh century, — still preserving its antique

character among the improvements of modern times, and exhibiting in the midst of upstart Birminghams and Manchesters the same aspect which it wore when Charles held his court in Christchurch, and when Rupert rode his cavalry over Magdalene Bridge, is now to me only the place where I was so happy with my little sisters — "

At times during these months when he had been cheering the hearts of the two girls, Macaulay was in the midst of such financial difficulties that he was, at one time, forced to sell his university gold medals. But, at length, the long-anticipated Government position for which he had been longing was given him when, in June, 1832, he was made Secretary of the Board of Control. He was now in a position to carry out a plan which he had long cherished, to make a home for his two sisters; but this scheme was prohibited by the action of Margaret, who had, also, eagerly anticipated it.

The sisters had been paying a long visit during this year in the home of Mr. John Cropper in Dingle Bank, a southern suburb of Liverpool. This gentleman, who belonged to the Society of Friends, had long been a valued

friend to Zachary Macaulay and had assisted the Anti-Slavery movement with both his purse and pen. It was his delight, in the midst of his old friend's financial difficulties, to entertain his daughters for a long visit.

Thomas Macaulay was now writing long gossipy letters from London similar to this: — "My dear Sisters: — I am, I think, a better correspondent than you two put together. . . . You have nothing to do but be good and write. Make no excuses for your excuses are contradictory. If you see sights, describe them: for then you have subjects. If you stay at home, write: for then you have time. Remember that I never saw the cemetery or the railroad. Be particular, above all, in your account of the Quakers. I enjoin this especially on Nancy: for from Meg I have no hope of extracting a word of truth."

Perhaps, in this last laughing remark, the brother hinted that he guessed the truth, for it was not long after that he found that Dingle Bank was to become Margaret's permanent home and that all his plans for the future had been in vain; for she soon announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Cropper, the son of her host. The young man gained her brother's

love and esteem, but the marriage which took place at the end of the year affected Macaulay deeply. He was never afterwards quite the same, losing some of the boyishness which had previously been his chief characteristic. He voiced his feelings freely in both letters and diary, but one little extract in a letter to Hannah, written shortly after their sister's marriage, shows the trend of his thoughts.

"I am sitting in the midst of two hundred friends, all mad with exultation and party-spirit, all glorying over the Tories, and thinking me the happiest man in the world. And it is all that I can do to hide my tears, and to command my voice, when it is necessary for me to reply to their congratulations. Dearest, dearest sister, you alone are now left to me — whom have I on earth but thee? But for you, in the midst of all these successes, I should wish that I were lying by poor Hyde Villiers. But I cannot go on. . . . The separation from dear Margaret has jarred my whole temper — I am cried up here to the skies as the most affable and kind-hearted of men, while I feel a fierceness and restlessness within me, quite new, and almost inexplicable."

Now began that closer intimacy with Han-

nah which continued to his life's end. His letters to her are full of interest, although they are of a different tone from those which he had written previously, as is illustrated by a remark in one of them, written after midnight from the House of Commons. "I remember that when you were at Leamington, two years ago, I used to fill my letters with accounts of the people with whom I dined. High life was new to me then; and now it has grown so familiar that I should not, I fear, be able, as I formerly was, to select the striking circumstances."

Dingle Bank had now become Hannah's second home and she spent most of her time with her sister. Her health seems to have caused her brother some alarm at this time for he is constantly inquiring about it and writes once, after giving her a list of his fashionable engagements for the week:

> "O! rather would I see this day
> My little Nancy well and merry
> Than the blue riband of Earl Grey,
> Or the blue stockings of Miss Berry."

and again he says, "There are not ten people in the world whose death would spoil my dinner: but there *are* one or two whose deaths

would break my heart. The more I see of the world, and the more numerous my acquaintance becomes, the narrower and more exclusive my affection grows, and the more I cling to my sisters and to one or two old tried friends of my quiet days."

Macaulay was planning a Scottish holiday for Hannah and wrote, in one of his letters: "Napier has promised to be at Edinburgh when I take a certain damsel thither, to look out for very nice lodgings for us in Queen Street, to show us everything and everybody; and to see us as far as Dunkeld on our way northward. In general I abhor visiting; but at Edinburgh we must see the people as well as the walls and windows and Napier will be a capital guide." But two months later, before the end of the lengthy and stormy Parliamentary session which had tested Macaulay's character and gained him universal admiration, he is writing to her about a far more serious plan for their future.

It had already been intimated to him that he would be the member of the Supreme Council to govern the Eastern Empire chosen outside the company; and the position, although it involved some personal sacrifice, also opened a

pathway out of many difficulties. Not only did it give him an opportunity of withdrawing from approaching political contests but it offered him an opportunity to better his finances. Macaulay and his brother, Henry, had for some time borne almost the entire expense of the little home in Bernard Street, and they had also volunteered to pay their father's creditors. If he remained in England, Macaulay was faced with the prospects of rigid economy and perhaps poverty, but India offered him a modest fortune. But he could not bear the prospect of facing the new life in a foreign land alone and so he wrote to his sister:

"Whether the period of my exile shall be one of comfort, and after the first shock is over one of happiness depends on you. If, as I expect, this offer shall be made to me, will you go with me? I know what a sacrifice I ask of you. I know how many dear and precious ties you must, for a time, sunder. I know that the splendor of the Indian Court, and the gaieties of that brilliant society, of which you would be one of the leading personages, have no temptation for you. I can bribe you only by telling you that, if you will go with me, I will love you better than I love you now,

if I can. . . . If you feel an insurmountable aversion to India, I will do all in my power to make your residence in England comfortable during my absence, and to enable you to confer instead of receiving benefits. But if my dear sister would consent to give me, at this great crisis of my life, that proof, that painful and arduous proof, of her affection, which I beg of her, I think that she will not repent of it. She shall not, if the unbounded confidence and attachment of one to whom she is dearer than life can compensate her for a few years' absence from much that she loves."

Hannah was, at this time, twenty-two years of age. Her childhood and youth had been sheltered and she had never traveled outside of England and had not, at that time, even crossed the border into Scotland. Her father's reversal of fortune and the period of family mourning had combined to keep her away from formal social life and her brother knew that he spoke truly when he said that the society functions of India would not appeal to her. Moreover, she dreaded to leave her sister, from whom she had seldom been parted for any length of time, and all her family ties save one held her in the homeland. India was, at that

time, a veritable unknown land and communication with England was very infrequent, for cables and steamships were then unknown. But Hannah was devoted to her brother and she gave him the proof of affection which he desired by consenting to follow him into voluntary exile, should the post really be offered him.

All through their journey to Edinburgh which they made in a post-chaise, their minds and tongues were occupied with the one big question. At length their doubts were all answered; for the directors of the East India Company confirmed his appointment in December, 1833. There were scarce two months left to complete their preparations, for they were booked to sail in the following February, and their correspondence is filled with details. The brother wrote, almost as soon as he received the appointment: "Of course, my love, from the day of my appointment, all your expenses are my affair. . . . I will send you 300 pounds to lay out as you like, not meaning to confine you to it by any means; but you would probably prefer having a sum down to sending in your milliner's bills to me."

He was thoughtful for her in everything

and in one point especially; for it had always been a regret to him that he had not had any opportunity to show her the best part of London society, where he was at home. He confided this fact to an influential friend, who inquired about his sister, and this friend offered to take care that she should see what was best worth seeing, before their departure. Writing to her of this promise, Macaulay said: "He promises to give us a few breakfast-parties and dinner-parties, where you will meet as many as he can muster of the best set in town, — Rogers, Luttrell, Rice, Tom Moore, Sydney Smith, Grant, and other great wits and politicians. I am quite delighted at this; both because you will, I am sure, be amused and pleased, at a time when you ought to have your mind occupied, and because even to have mixed a little in a circle so brilliant will be of advantage to you in India. You have neglected, and very rightly and sensibly, frivolous accomplishments: you have not been at places of fashionable diversion — and it is, therefore, the more desirable that you should appear among the dancing, piano-forte-playing, opera-going damsels at Calcutta as one who has seen society better than any that they ever

approached. I hope that you will not disapprove of what I have done. I accepted Sharp's offer to you eagerly."

The brother and sister had shared their love of literature for years and so now he writes to her: "I am buying books; not trashy books which will only bear one reading; but good books for a library. I have my eye on all the bookstalls: and shall no longer suffer you, when we walk together in London, to drag me past them as you used to do. Pray make out a list of any you would like to have."

Again he writes jokingly: "It is now my duty to omit no opportunity of giving you wholesome advice. I am henceforward your sole guardian. I have bought Gisborne's 'Duties of Women,' Moore's 'Fables for the Female Sex,' Mrs. King's 'Female Scripture Characters,' and Fordyce's 'Sermons.' With the help of these books, I hope to keep my responsibility in order on our voyage and in India."

By the middle of February, they had accomplished all their leave-takings and sailed from Gravesend on their long voyage, which was broken by only one stop, at Falmouth, where they were delayed for some time. The

voyage occupied four months but Hannah enjoyed it and, according to her brother's statement "was extremely social, danced with all the gentlemen in the evenings, and read novels and sermons with the ladies in the mornings." On June 10, when they arrived at Madras, Macaulay found a message from the Governor General summoning him to come at once to a meeting of the Council in the hills, four hundred miles away. He had no alternative and it was necessary for his sister to proceed to Calcutta alone. Fortunately Bishop Wilson of Calcutta was an old friend of their father's; indeed, the family had formerly been members of his congregation and he had invited them to come directly to his home. So Hannah found a safe retreat in the Bishop's Palace.

But Lady William Bentinck, the wife of the Governor General, who had offered to chaperone her, soon became so fond of her that she insisted on her coming to live at Government House; and that is where her brother found her when he arrived in Calcutta, three months later. Lady Bentinck insisted that he, too, should be her guest for a period but, by the middle of November, he had set up his own establishment and Hannah Macaulay was

installed the mistress of his residence; which was then the finest house in Calcutta. Macaulay, at last, had the home of his own which he had long anticipated, and the sister whom he loved most devotedly was its presiding genius; but he was not happy, for the shadow of a great change had fallen over his life and in the midst of the consummation of his plans he was called upon to make a sacrifice for Hannah's happiness.

Two years previous, when Margaret married, Macaulay had written in his journal: "The attachment between brothers and sisters, blameless, amiable, and delightful as it is, is so liable to be superseded by other attachments that no wise man ought to suffer it to become indispensable to him. That women shall leave the home of their birth, and contract ties dearer than those of consanguinity, is a law as ancient as the first records of the history of our race and as unchangeable as the constitution of the human body and mind. To repine against the nature of things, and against the great fundamental law of all society, because, in consequence of my own want of foresight, it happens to bear heavily on me would be the basest and most absurd selfish-

ness. I have still one more stake to lose. There remains one event for which, when it arrives, I shall, I hope, be prepared. From that moment, with a heart formed, if ever any man's heart was formed, for domestic happiness, I shall have nothing left in the world but ambition. There is no wound, however, which time and necessity will not render endurable; and, after all, what am I more than my fathers, — than the millions who have been weak enough to pay double price for some favorite number in the lottery of life, who have suffered double disappointment when the ticket came up a blank."

What he had expected now happened; for during Christmas week, 1834, Hannah was married to Charles Trevelyan, a young man three years her senior who had been in the Indian service for eight years and had become deputy-secretary to the government in the political department some three years previous. He had gained the heartiest esteem of the Governor General and was often a guest at Government House. When Macaulay reached Calcutta he had realized at once that his little sister had found her own fate in the land of romance. Writing to Margaret, he

said: "I knew it, I believe, before she knew it herself; and I could easily have prevented it by merely treating Trevelyan with a little coldness, for he is a man whom the smallest rebuff would completely discourage. But you will believe, my dearest Margaret, that no thought of such base selfishness ever passed through my mind, I would as soon have locked my dear Nancy up in a nunnery as have put the smallest obstacle in the way of her having a good husband. I therefore gave every facility and encouragement to both of them. What I have myself felt it is unnecessary to say. My parting from you almost broke my heart. But when I parted from you I had Nancy. I had all my other relations: I had my friends: I had my country. Now I have nothing except the resources of my own mind, and the consciousness of having acted not ungenerously. But I do not repine. Whatever I suffer I have brought on myself. I have neglected the plainest lessons of reason and experience. I have staked my happiness without calculating the chances of the dice. . . . I must bear my punishment as I can; and, above all, I must take care that the punishment does not extend beyond myself."

But Margaret never saw this letter for, in the previous August, soon after her brother's arrival in India, she had died very suddenly after a few days' illness, leaving her husband and a baby son. The news did not reach Calcutta until four months later, and Hannah's wedding had just been celebrated. The bridal couple were passing their honeymoon in a lodge in the Governor-General's park at Barrackpore when the sad news reached them and they hastened immediately to Calcutta that the brother and sister might bear their grief together. Macaulay plunged, at once, into official business and strove to forget his sorrow in his work, but the little bride whose joy was turned to mourning had less to distract her mind. The three formed one household and comforted one another in their grief.

At length, when a little daughter came to cheer Hannah's life, she was named Margaret by common consent, and her advent seemed to bring a return of his old joy to Macaulay. "From her birth to his death she was the light of her uncle's eyes and the joy of his existence." As soon as she was old enough, she became his playfellow, and it was his custom to have her brought to him every morning in

the pretty garden of their home to feed the crows with pieces of toast from his early tea.

Hannah's life was as devoted to his interests as to her husband's and he soon found that her marriage made no difference in her devotion to him. Every afternoon, she would be waiting for him, after his business was over, and he would sit beside her, translating Greek or reading French for her benefit. Then, in the cool of the afternoon, he would drive with her along the banks of the Hooghly and they would often linger and return under starlit skies. She always presided at the formal entertainments which he gave during his official residence and more often at the quiet little dinners where he loved to gather a few kindred spirits.

So three years passed by and Mr. Trevelyan's furlough was due. He had been in India for nearly twelve years and was longing for the sight of home faces but he postponed his holiday until his brother-in-law could return also; and so it was not until January, 1838, that they set sail for England. It was the beginning of June when they arrived at Dartmouth, and Mrs. Trevelyan went with her husband directly to his home in Somersetshire that

he might not stay any longer away from his mother, whom he had not seen for more than a decade. It was a merry homecoming and they were received by the townspeople with bells and cannon. But her brother, who had proceeded directly to London, had quite a different welcome, for he found that his father had died while their vessel was only a short journey from shore. In a few hours Mrs. Trevelyan had once again had her joy turned to sorrow. She wrote to her sisters afterward: "I scarcely know how to express the feelings which rush over me; such a return home after such long expectations. The contrast between Charles' lot and mine strikes me strongly. . . . I enjoyed the evening and the delight of his family, and his own happiness, and in the morning I was told that the dear father I did so long to see was taken away just when I was pleasing myself with the thoughts of making known to him my husband and child."

The next few months were uncertain ones in the lives of the Trevelyans, for Mr. Trevelyan could not at once consider leaving the Indian service. For four months of this year, Macaulay was traveling in Italy and was separated from his sister for the first time in many

years. Soon after his return, Trevelyan decided to leave the Indian service and, in the following January, was appointed assistant secretary to the treasury. Once again they established a joint household in a house in Great George Street. But this arrangement did not last long for the Trevelyan family was increasing and the parents wanted country life and air for their little ones. Naturally, the mother's thoughts turned to the home of her childhood and so, in 1841, the Trevelyans moved to Clapham, which was still as attractive a suburb as it had been twenty-five years previous.

Macaulay was now in the midst of his public career and a Secretary of War could not live in the suburbs, so he took chambers in the Albany, so long famous as his home, and remained in London. But Clapham had charms for him which the choicest society in London could not surpass. He would go to his sister's home very frequently and, if she were not at home, would delight to spend the whole morning in the nursery. His favorite pastime was taking his nephews and nieces about London and he loved to tire them out with sight-seeing and then feed them with their favorite dainties while they rested in his rooms at the Albany. His

greatest joy was the annual Easter outing which, for years, he gave the Trevelyan family. They would start on Thursday and be back in town again for Easter Monday but in those few days would be packed enough fun and happiness to make the experience stand out for the children throughout the year. In this way, during the course of twenty years, he took his nephews and nieces at least once to all the Cathedrals of England or Wales, to the Universities and, at least once to Paris and to the great churches on the Loire. The children, thus favored, never forgot the lessons in history which they learned from their uncle's lips, as he made historic people and events live again before their eyes with his vivid descriptions.

To his sister, these journeys were a constant reminder of her own childhood. Writing of them, long afterward, she said: "Our party just filled a railway carriage and the journey found his flow of spirits unfailing — a running fire of jokes, rhymes, puns, never-ceasing." In 1848, Charles Trevelyan was made a K. C. B. in reward for his services in administering relief works in Ireland during the past three years. Soon afterwards, the family moved back to London and Macaulay now saw them

even more frequently than he had before. He had retired from politics and was devoting himself exclusively to literature. In all his literary projects, his sister was his confidante. In December 5, 1849, he writes in his diary: "In the afternoon to Westbourne Terrace. I read my Irish narrative to Hannah. Trevelyan came in the middle. After dinner I read again. They seemed much, very much, interested. Hannah cried. I could not at all command my voice." A few months later he writes: "Went with Hannah to Richmond's studio to see my picture. He seemed anxious and excited, but, at last, when he produced his work, she pronounced it excellent."

His greatest joy was to entertain for his niece, Margaret, as she grew older and to give her every advantage which he had craved for her mother in her girlhood. Once he writes of taking her to Barley Wood, where her mother had visited as a child, but the visit saddened him, for the "Queen of Barley Wood" was dead and the beautiful estate was sadly changed. When Margaret married, he found another home in hers also and he was always the chief attraction of her dinner-parties in those days.

After a short return to Parliamentary duties, Macaulay retired permanently in 1853 and began to plan for a real home of his own where he could entertain his dear ones in his old age. He found this in Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, Kensington, which he bought in 1856 and where he took an almost boyish pleasure in the planning and cultivation of his garden. But, as once before his joy in a new home had been clouded, so it was in this case; for in less than two years his brother-in-law was offered an important position in India and Macaulay realized that a parting from his sister was inevitable.

Again there came into Hannah Trevelyan's life the prospect of a long exile from her native land and the separation from many of her loved ones but, this time, the bitterness of the approaching parting was uppermost; for the charm of the unknown and the romantic which had added poetry to her earlier prospects was lacking. She remembered the changes which had come during her former residence in India and felt that further and greater changes must come during this longer exile. For she knew that her brother had been for some years the victim of a serious heart-trouble and that it was

incurable. Macaulay was aware of his own condition, and that his one thought had been that his sister should be near him when the end came is shown by an extract from his journal, written four years earlier, in which he had said: "I long to see Hannah and Margaret. I wish that they were back again from the Continent; but I do not think the end is so near."

In February, 1859, Sir Charles Trevelyan sailed for India to take up his duties as Governor of Madras and it was settled that his wife and younger daughter, Alice, should follow him a few months later. Lady Trevelyan was with her brother as much as possible, but the duties of breaking up her English home kept her away from him some of the time. In July, he writes in his journal: "A letter from Hannah; very sad and affectionate. I answered her. There is a pleasure even in this exceeding sorrow, for it brings out the expression of love with a tenderness which is wanting in ordinary circumstances. But the sorrow is very, very bitter."

The brother and sister were together through a large part of the summer; for Macaulay spent a week in Windermere with the Trevelyan family, the last of July, and then accom-

panied Lady Trevelyan and her younger daughter, Alice, on a tour through the Scotch Highlands by Stirling and Edinburgh. The presence of the young girl enlivened the trip, but to both sister and brother it brought memories of that earlier tour in Scotland when their hearts and minds had been filled with eager plans instead of dreaded partings.

At length it was decided that Lady Trevelyan and her daughter should sail for Madras in February, and Macaulay determined that their last Christmas together should be spent in Holly Lodge; so they all gathered for dinner at his table, but, in spite of all their efforts, the shadow of approaching separation lay heavy upon them. How near it was, they little dreamed! "Never, so long as I live," wrote Lady Trevelyan, afterwards, "can I lose the sense of misery that I ever left him after Christmas Day but I did not feel alarmed." But when, on the twenty-eighth of December, on hearing her son's report that he had found his uncle ill that afternoon, she came to spend the night at Holly Lodge, she found him dead in his chair. For him, all shadow of parting was over; for her, the great sorrow of her life had come.

Lady Trevelyan did not go to India at once; and, as her husband was recalled in 1860 and did not again return to India for two years, she had opportunity to perform the last services which she could render her brother. At his death, his History of England was unfinished, and it was her task to arrange the concluding chapter. His nephew has written that "His manuscript, to the eyes of anyone but himself, appeared to consist of column after column of dashes and flourishes, in which a straight line with a half-formed letter at each end, and another in the middle did duty for a word." But so well did the sister understand his methods and his habits of thought that she was able to decipher the story. She went over all his manuscripts and, six years after his death, was able to publish a complete edition of his works, which she had edited.

Her active work for her brother was now over, and her life, as the wife of a public man, became an increasingly busy one; but she never recovered from the loss she had sustained and missed the love which had never failed her from childhood. Her son records that around the old house in Great Ormond Street, where she had spent the happiest years of her girlhood,

clustered her pleasantest associations and that, "when she knew she was dying, in 1873, she had herself driven to the spot, as the last drive she ever took, and sat silent in her carriage for many minutes with her eyes fixed upon those well-known walls."

She had occupied a unique position in the life of a great man, whose whole existence had been entirely devoid of any trace of love affairs and who had made his sister the object of a lifetime's devotion. She had repaid him with an affection and interest which sustained him at all times, and her name should ever be associated with his.

SARAH DISRAELI

"It was thy spirit, brother! which had made
The bright earth glorious to her youthful eye.
Since first in childhood midst the vines ye played,
And sent glad singing through the clear blue sky."

— FELICIA HEMANS.

SARAH DISRAELI.

SARAH DISRAELI

It was in December, 1802, that Sarah, the first-born of Isaac and Marie Disraeli, came to brighten their home at 6 King's Road, Bedford Row, Theobald's Road. The household in which she first saw the light was a very quiet one; for the father, disappointed at his failure to attain the literary success he desired, had " at the age of five and thirty, renounced his dreams of becoming an author and resolved to devote himself for the rest of his life to the acquisition of knowledge. He really passed his life in his library and even marriage produced no change; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls. Nothing, indeed, was more remarkable than the isolation of his existence."

Under these circumstances, the arrival of her little daughter must have brought rare companionship and solace to the young wife, as yet only the bride of a recluse. Her whole

life was absorbed in domestic interests and soon her heart and hands were filled with the demands of her growing family. Four sturdy sons came to be the companions of the little daughter in the home; of these, the second died in infancy and the two youngest were seven and eleven years his junior. As was natural, Sarah shared her childish joys and sorrows with her eldest brother, who was not quite two years younger than herself. Thus, from her earliest years she was associated with Benjamin Disraeli, who later achieved national fame. So little is known of the very early life of this great statesman that his various biographers have contradicted themselves repeatedly in their efforts to picture it. Under these circumstances, naturally even less is known of the early girlhood of Sarah Disraeli.

At the age of six, her brother was sent to a school at Islington and his school-days extended over a period of some years, broken only by the holidays which he always spent at home. During these, he was always forced to spend some days with his grandfather, Benjamin Disraeli, a kindly, good-natured man who was fond of children, but of whose wife all children stood in great fear. Their grandmother,

although she had been beautiful in her youth, belonged to a family who had suffered much from persecution and had developed a fierce hatred for her own race. She could never forgive her husband for his name and, as the years went by, her disposition became more and more unpleasant. When the grandfather died, in 1816, he was buried with all the rites of the synagogue in the Portuguese Jews' Cemetery at Mile End in the East of London. His death brought about two important changes in his son's family — a change of residence and a change of religion.

Shortly before his marriage, Isaac Disraeli had inherited the whole fortune of his maternal grandmother, Esther Syprut, and had thus become independent; but the demands of his family were so great that he was not in very affluent circumstances until after the death of his father. In 1818, therefore, the family removed to Bloomsbury Square, a more attractive neighborhood to Isaac Disraeli because it was nearer to the British Museum. Previously, he had consented to having his children baptized in the Established Church, an act which he had long contemplated; for he had inherited much of his mother's dislike for Jewish

traditions and, although nominally connected with the Synagogue, never attended its services. During his father's lifetime, he remained a member of the congregation, but saw to it that his children became Christians as soon as possible after the old man's death. Benjamin became a member of St. Andrew's, Holborn, on July 31, 1817, and Sarah was received into the same church, a few weeks later.

The boy, who was now nearly thirteen years old, was soon sent to a new school at Hingham Hall, an old manor house, about two miles from Walthamstow, and he remained there for four years. In the meantime, his sister was leading a quiet home life, learning the various housewifely arts which were considered indispensable to her education, and growing into a charming girl whose intellectual attainments were worthy of her father.

In November, 1821, her brother returned from school and was articled to a firm of solicitors in the city. During the next three years, he was at home for the greater part of the time, spending his evenings in study and in examining the treasures of his father's library, acquiring some of his father's scholastic habits and meeting his father's friends who,

like himself, were all habitués of the British Museum. The family social life at this period was confined entirely to the neighborhood of Bloomsbury and the girlhood of Sarah Disraeli was not particularly gay. Her chief interests seem to have been in her own family circle, and the closeness of the bond which existed between herself and her favorite brother may be seen by the letters he wrote her so frequently when they were separated.

"Lord Beaconsfield's Correspondence with his Sister" between the years 1832-1852 is a book which has long been popular in England because of its autobiographical and historical interest. But the letters to be found in this published volume were not by any means the earliest ones that he wrote to her.

The first series, which he wrote during his first long absence from home, when in company with his father he enjoyed a six weeks' tour of the continent, have only recently been given to the public. They are full of the fresh enthusiasm of a youth who had never before traveled far from his native city. In these letters there are frequent references to their traveling companion, William Meredith, already a tried family friend who was destined to play a

prominent part in the life of Sarah Disraeli.

Sometime about 1825, the Disraelis first became acquainted with the members of the Austen family in Guilford Street, through whom young Disraeli was enabled to publish his novel, "Vivian Grey." He kept the secret of what was not (at the beginning) an especially successful first venture even from his own family. His sister was also a favorite in this circle and when, in 1826, after a serious illness, Disraeli decided to accept the invitation of his friends and accompany them on a continental tour, Mrs. Austen was constantly writing accounts of their journeyings to her friend, Sarah Disraeli.

In one of the letters which Disraeli wrote to his sister on this journey, he said: "My father says that he has been very idle, and I fear from his tone that I am to believe him. I have been just the reverse, but I would throw all my papers into the Channel only to hear that he had written fifty pages. This continued inertia makes me sad but I have hopes that if we get on without fresh vexations for six months more his spirits may be raised."

This is a reference to the financial losses

which the Disraelis, in company with many more unfortunate ones, had suffered in the speculative mania and subsequent crash of the year 1825. These worries also affected the son, because it was now necessary for him to choose a profession. He was entered at Lincoln's Inn with a view, in due course, of being called to the bar; but he could not suppress his ambitious desires for a different career. During the three years following he was distracted by futile attempts to follow his bent and was, at the same time, in the clutches of a most mysterious disease which alarmed his family. For his sake, they went to Oxfordshire and joined the Austens at Fyfield during the summer of 1827 and again, in 1828, sought health in Dorsetshire. It was doubtless chiefly on account of his son's health that Isaac Disraeli now decided on a removal from London, a step which was to make a complete change in the family life.

It must have cost Disraeli the elder many regrets to leave London with what he termed her "hourly seductions" but, in the summer of 1829, he carried out his plan; and the family removed to a somewhat dilapidated old manor house on the slopes of the Chiltern Hills, two miles from High Wycombe. Bradenham

House, according to tradition, was originally built for Lord Windsor in the reign of Henry VIII. It was large and picturesque and its chief charm lay in the wildness of its long-neglected grounds and in the beauty of the surrounding country.

But the quiet of country life did not entirely restore the health of the young aspirant for fame, and he longed to journey to the far East to visit the haunts of some of those Jewish heroes whom he had learned to admire. Taking advantage of his quiet life, he wrote a novel, "The Young Duke," designed to appeal to popular taste, found a publisher for it and received enough money to make his Eastern tour possible. In this proposed journey Sarah Disraeli had a two-fold interest, for she was now the affianced wife of his companion, William Meredith. At the time of the earlier journey on the Continent, in 1824, William Meredith had just taken his Oxford degree. Six years later, he is described as "a man of talent and wealth who had gained some literary repute as the patron of Thomas Taylor, the translator of Aristotle."

The account of this journey in Disraeli's home letters of this period is familiar reading.

Only a small percentage of the letters were written to his sister but that she was his regular and indefatigable correspondent there is ample proof. The publication of "The Young Duke," the story which had made his journey possible, occurred during his absence and was, to her, an event of the utmost importance. There are on record some of the letters reporting the matter which she wrote to him in the spring of '31, and there is one touching little passage at the end of the first admiring letter in which she says: "One reading has repaid me for months of suspense and that is saying everything, if you knew how much my heart is wrapt up in your fame."

How much her brother appreciated her letters and how interested he was in their quiet home life is shown by his appeal to her in a letter dated from Gibraltar, August 9, in which he says: "Write to me whenever you can, always to Malta, whence I shall be sure to receive my letters sooner or later. If I receive twenty at a time, it does not signify; but write; do not let the charm of my domestic knowledge be broken for an instant. Write to me about Bradenham, about dogs and horses, orchards, gardens, who calls, who my father sees,

what is said. This is what I want. Never mind public news, except to be private in its knowledge, or about private friends. Keep on writing — but don't bore yourself."

How well she fulfilled his desires may be seen in an extract from his letter from Cairo in the following May, in which he says: "I cannot sufficiently commend your letters; they are in every respect charming, very lively and witty, and full exactly of the stuff I want. If you were only a more perfect mistress of the art of punctuation, you might rival 'Lady Mary'[1] herself."

Less than two months later, he was writing to her in a different strain, showing as never before the depth of affection and tenderness which he had for her. William Meredith, his own good friend and her betrothed, had died suddenly in Cairo of smallpox on the very eve of their departure for the homeland, July 19, 1831. On the day following his death, Disraeli wrote to his father, asking him to break the terrible news to their loved one and saying:

"Oh! my father, why do we live? The anguish of my soul is great. Our innocent lamb,

[1] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1696–1762), who is remembered chiefly for her brilliant "Letters," written during her travels.

our angel is stricken. Save her, save her. I will come home directly. . . . I wish to live only for my sister. I think of her all day and all night. It is some satisfaction that I was with our friend to the last." In the enclosed letter to his sister he said,

"Oh! my sister, in this hour of overwhelming affliction my thoughts are only for you. Alas! my beloved, if you are lost to me, where, where am I to fly for refuge? I have no wife, I have no betrothed; nor since I have been better acquainted with my own mind and temper have I sought them. Live then, my heart's treasure, for one who has ever loved you with a surpassing love, and who would cheerfully have yielded his own existence to have saved you the bitterness of this letter. Yes, my beloved, be my genius, my solace, my companion, my joy. We will never part, and if I cannot be to you all our lost friend (was?), at least we will feel that life can never be a blank while gilded by the perfect love of a sister and a brother."

It was nearly three months before the two met face to face and then the sister was still crushed by the blow. "I cannot trust myself to write of her," he says, "but her sweet and

virtuous soul struggles under this overwhelming affliction."

This year was a turning-point in the lives of both brother and sister. To one, it brought a broader, fuller existence; to the other a narrower, more secluded life than she had previously led, but the bond of friendship and affection which had been strengthened by a common sorrow grew stronger as their paths diverged.

Disraeli was now standing on the threshold of his career. He was a successful novelist and Society (spelled with a capital S) recognized him as such. His fame had already preceded him when, in the early months of the following year, he went up to London to enter into the midst of the world of fashion and gayety about which he had written but to which, until then, he had never had the entrée. Bulwer Lytton, already his firm friend, introduced him at many fashionable houses, where he met Lord Lyndhurst, and soon his social footing was secure. He now commenced that series of letters to his sister which is so famous. Picturing as they do, the London of the last days of William IV and the early days of Queen Victoria, they are worthy of preservation from their historical interest alone, but they are of

still greater importance because of the insight they give into the life and character of a great statesman in his youth.

One critic while calling these letters "amusing and interesting" has said that they "are colored by a strain of egotism, which if intended for a joke in writing to a near relative, is not one of those jokes which everyone is bound to understand." This criticism, however, is rather unfair when it is remembered that the writer of these letters knew that the sister to whom they were addressed was interested first and foremost in his own personality and cared only for the great world in its relationship to himself. Then, too, as Sir William Fraser has declared, "London society of that period was comparatively small; it consisted of from three hundred to five hundred persons; not more, and a single new face added to this circle would be observed." Under these circumstances, it is natural that the new author should have been lionized and that he should have very vividly described his feelings and experiences during the process to the sister whose affection for him had now developed into a veritable passion.

Readable as the letters are for the side-lights

which they throw on men and affairs, they are interesting also for the more intimate touches which reveal a little of the sister's life at home. Her life was now a secluded one, devoted entirely to the interests of her family, to lightening her mother's cares, brightening the home for the two younger brothers and keeping the absent one in touch with the home life. More than once he thanks her for flowers from the country, saying, " Your violets were most acceptable, in fact the spring this year seems postponed; if it were not for your flowers, I should believe it was still winter " and again he writes: " Your geranium gave me a flower to-day, and will give me a couple more." Another time, he is promising to write a short tale for her bazaar, showing that she was interesting herself in the charitable affairs of the neighborhood.

There is nothing to indicate that Sarah Disraeli ever accompanied her brother on any of his excursions into the world, but she met many of his friends, whom it was his delight to bring with him to Bradenham Hall. The reputation of the elder Disraeli was, of course, an attraction to many of his son's guests — but they found there an added attraction in the person

of his sister, who assisted her mother in discharging the duties of hostess. Here Bulwer Lytton came to share the quiet of the young author's retreat and here Lord Lyndhurst retired with him after the excitement of political stress and strain.

Through all the vicissitudes of his early attempts to enter the political arena, his sister anxiously followed him, furnishing him with reports of local conditions when he was endeavoring to secure an election at High Wycombe near his father's home, and displaying the utmost interest in his experiences when, at last, he gained the coveted seat in the House of Commons. To her, he wrote directly of the failure of his maiden speech, disguising nothing of the situation.

In politics she was unable to help him. That privilege was reserved for another, the lady who later became his wife — but, in his literary work, she could and did still help him as she had done in previous years. A few weeks before "Contarini Fleming" was published, he wrote to her: "I shall be down at Bradenham on Sunday and able to remain a week but shall be very busy and employ you to your heart's content." At a still later date, when he was

working on "Henrietta Temple," he wrote to her: "I want information as to the superstitions and other qualities ascribed to precious stones. Can you put your hand easily upon anything of the kind?" Again he says, in reply to some information she had sent him: "A thousand thanks, you are a library and a librarian both." Most enlightening of all is the request he makes several years later, when he had become a busy man of affairs. "We should like to come to Bradenham for as long as you will have us. I am writing and want a workroom; therefore, if it does not inconvenience anybody, let me have my old writing-room next to your room."

"I have no wife, I have no betrothed; nor since I have been better acquainted with my own mind and temper have I sought them," wrote Disraeli in 1831, but his letters of 1833 and the years following are filled with constant references to the possibility of his marriage. Many of them are facetious and the talk about his marriage with Meredith's sister, which was half serious, seems to have come to nothing. He was truly fancy free at this time and seems to have loved no woman but his sister.

"My letters are shorter than Napoleon's,"

he wrote her, "but I love you more than he did Josephine. I shall be down to-morrow."

He had, however, already met his future wife, in the person of Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, wife of the man who was afterwards his fellow representative from Maidstone, and whom he had described to his sister upon first meeting her as "a pretty little woman, a flirt and a rattle."

During the five years which elapsed before his election, he came to know the Wyndham Lewises well, and on the occasion of his success in the Maidstone election, he wrote to Mrs. Lewis from Bradenham, saying: "We all wish very much that Mr. Wyndham and yourself would come and pay us a visit among our beechen groves. We have nothing to offer you but simple pleasures, a sylvan scene and an affectionate hearth."

Of this visit Mrs. Lewis wrote to a friend: "I have been paying a visit to Mr. Disraeli's family. They reside near High Wycombe — a large family house, most of the rooms thirty or forty feet long, and plenty of servants, horses, dogs and a library full of the rarest books. But how shall I describe his father; the most lovable, perfect old gentleman I ever

met with? A sort of modern Dominie Sampson — and his manners are so high-bred and natural. . . . Miss Disraeli is handsome and talented."

A year later, this lady became a widow and, in 1839, Mr. Disraeli married her. It is possible that Sarah Disraeli might have now felt that she no longer filled the first place in his life and that he no longer needed her helpful inspiration, but his own letters show that such was not the case. They are still written with all the eagerness of old and the correspondence is unflagging. There was now, however, a new care in her life which filled her days with loving occupation.

Their father, Isaac Disraeli, whose works had been prolific between 1812-22, after a decade of silence, had since then been enjoying the rewards of his labors in a well-earned fame both at home and abroad. But now a terrible affliction came upon him; for just as his mind was filled with plans for yet more extensive writing, he was stricken with blindness. The letters of his son, who was on his honeymoon at this time, are filled with anxious inquiries to his sister in regard to their father's eyes.

Despite the best treatment and care, his sight failed absolutely just as he was in the midst of the most ambitious of all his literary plans. "Unhappily," as his son has written, "his previous habits of study and compositions rendered the habit of dictation, intolerable, even impossible to him." But the daughter, who had been brought up in a scholarly atmosphere and who had for many years been familiar with the treasures of his vast library, would not let him give up his long-cherished plans, and eventually succeeded in convincing him that he could still carry on his work with her assistance. He selected three volumes from his MSS. which he wished to have published and these eventually appeared under the title of "Amenities of Literature."

The grateful father commemorated her solicitude in more than one affectionate passage, most touching among them is the one in the preface to "The Amenities of Literature" where he says: "There is one more remark in which I must indulge; the author of the present work is denied the satisfaction of reading a single line of it, yet he flatters himself that he shall not trespass on the indulgence he claims for any slight inadvertence. It has been

confided to ONE whose eyes unceasingly pursue the volume for him who can no more read and whose eager hand traces the thought 'ere it vanish in the thinking; but it is only a father who can conceive the affectionate patience of filial devotion."

Upon his marriage, the younger Disraeli had removed from his modest bachelor apartments in Down Street, Piccadilly, to his wife's beautiful home at Grosvenor Gate, and here they dispensed a liberal hospitality. The sister was always a welcome guest in this household and frequently the brother is writing, "When do you come to town?" or "You must manage your visit to town immediately." Disraeli and his wife paid frequent visits to his father, and sometimes the family flitted for a season, as in the summer of 1840, when they sojourned at Beaumaris in North Wales. For the most part, however, Sarah Disraeli's life was a very quiet one; and, at a time when, if she had desired, she might have taken a place in the most interesting society of London, she gave up all her opportunities to help and comfort her father. She was now in the full maturity of her charms, "a woman whose gifts and accomplishments," according to Froude, "would

have raised her, had she been a man, into fame," but she cheerfully spent the best years of her life at Bradenham Hall, reading her father's notes and searching among his favorite volumes for the information he could no longer acquire for himself.

She was, however, in no sense a recluse, maintaining a lively interest in the great world where her brother was a central figure; and coloring her own accounts of her quiet life so brightly that her brother could but write to her admiringly, in 1845, from Cassel, a little retreat where there was " no library, bookseller's shop, nor newspaper of any sort ": " You cannot expect any news from us; we know no one and hear nothing except from you. I have been able to write very regularly and made better progress than usual, which is encouraging. *Your* life is as secluded as our own, yet you always make *your* letters interesting." It seems a pity that so few of these letters have ever been made public, since the reading of the brother's letters is, in a way, like listening to one half of a telephone conversation.

In April, 1847, their mother died, at the age of seventy-two, and the entire care of the household was added to the burdens which the

daughter had long borne so cheerfully. In less than a year, however, she was relieved of all these responsibilities; for her father died peacefully in the arms of "Tita," his devoted family servant, and was laid to rest beside his wife in Bradenham Church.

Sarah Disraeli did not choose to make her home in London, for she was too fond of the country where she had spent so many years; but she desired to be nearer her favorite brother and so planned to found a little home for herself somewhere in the Thames Valley, in one of the nooks which had been familiar to her childhood in the days when the family were accustomed to spend the hot months on the banks of the Thames. Her brother was greatly interested in the plan and was on the look-out for the right place for her. In May, '49, he writes to her: "I am enchanted with Richmond Green, which, strange to say, I don't recollect ever having visited before, often as I have been to Richmond. I should like to let my house and live there. It seems exactly the place for you, and I should thoroughly recommend you to think seriously of it. It is still and sweet, charming alike in summer and winter."

But she preferred the quaint old town of Twickenham on the opposite bank of the river, and settled there in Ailsa Park Villas near Twickenham Common. Writing to her after his first visit to her there, Disraeli said: "I cannot tell you how delighted I am with your residence. We returned by Richmond, which I find is much the nearest way; in fact, your villa is in the heart of the greenland, which I have so long admired and wished to dwell in. I think you will be very happy there, and I shall probably end my days as your neighbor." Here, with her pet dog, Urisk, whom her brother had christened, surrounded by her books and flowers, she passed nine happy years.

In the meantime, her brother was busy making alterations and improving the first and only home which he ever owned, Hughendon Manor which came into his possession in 1847. He found great pleasure in living so near all his favorite haunts in Buckinghamshire and took great interest in the improvements. His sister shared his enthusiasm, and there can still be seen among the relics of Lord Beaconsfield, preserved at the manor-house, the lengthy cushion for the front seat of Hughendon

Church whose cover Sarah Disraeli worked herself in the old-fashioned cross-stitch.

Her visits to his home were a source of pleasure to them both. "You must make the exertion of paying us a Christmas visit, if you can, that we may all be together," he writes in November, 1851. "This house is wonderfully warm for a country house, and your room is the prettiest in the world, and the sunniest aspect." A few days later, he is following up this invitation by the promise of seeing her on his next visit to town, saying: "I shall come and spend a long day with you at Twickenham and dine, if you will promise to give me only a mutton chop and a glass of sherry."

Shortly after this, the sister had the pleasure of seeing her hero made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he was still holding that office when she died, in 1859. He had yet to obtain the high position of Premier, to which he had long aspired and of which ambition she must have been aware. It is recorded that when, on his first election to that high position, nine years after her death, an intimate friend, Sir Philip Rose, said to him: "If only your sister had been alive now to witness your triumph what happiness it would have given her," he

replied: "Ah, poor Sa, poor Sa! we've lost our audience, we've lost our audience."

Instead of spending his last days as her neighbor in the green shades of Twickenham, as he had written her that he hoped to do, Disraeli passed his last years in almost complete solitude, surrounded only by the flowers and pets which he loved. In those years his mind must have often dwelt lovingly on the sister whose devotion to him had sweetened his whole life and had given him courage and hope in the early days when he was struggling to win fame.

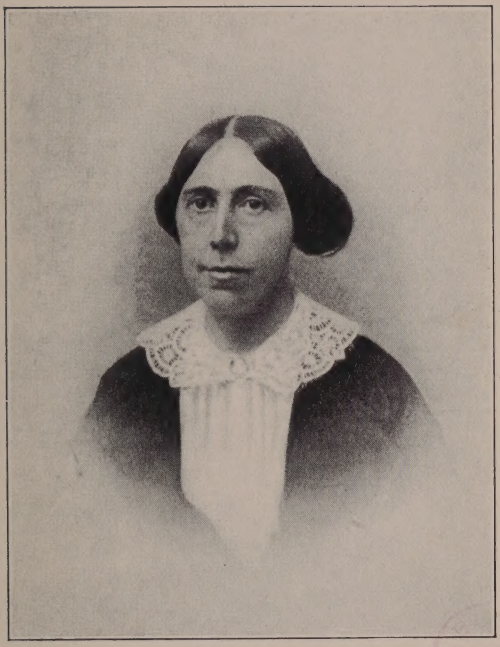
Every year, on the 19th of April, the bronze statue of Lord Beaconsfield in Parliament Square, London, is hung with garlands of primroses and its base is nearly hidden beneath the bank of yellow blossoms which were his favorites among all flowers. These smiling tokens of the springtide, whose sunshiny faces fairly carpet rural England in early April, cannot fail to be a reminder of her whose sunshiny presence in the life of the great statesman was as refreshing as these simple flowers and whose whole life, spent in rural retreats, was quite as modest and sweet as that of the little primrose itself.

SOPHIA THOREAU

" He was the elder and a little man
Of forty inches, bound to show no dread,
And I the girl that puppy-like now ran
Now lagged behind my brother's larger tread.

I held him wise, and when he talked to me
Of snakes and birds, and which God loved the best,
I thought his knowledge marked the boundary
Where men grew blind, though angels knew the rest,
If he said ' Hush,' I tried to hold my breath
Whenever he said ' Come ' I stepped in faith."

— GEORGE ELIOT



SOPHIA THOREAU.

SOPHIA THOREAU

THE town of Concord, Massachusetts, attracts an ever-increasing tide of tourists; for its historic and literary associations are unique in this country. All travelers are eager to cross Concord Bridge, to visit Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and to see the homes of Emerson and Hawthorne; but, to the average visitor, many members of the "Concord group" who made the place famous a half-century ago are now little known. "A. Bronson Alcott and William Ellery Channing are neglected and even Thoreau is becoming only a name." There is danger that, in another generation, the last-mentioned may cease to be even a name, for the Thoreau family is now extinct both in Europe and America. But Henry Thoreau was at one time a well-known man in American literature; he investigated and recorded his observations in the days before nature-study had become a fad as well as a science, and

his work has formed the basis for many later developments. He was indeed America's pioneer naturalist and he won a slow recognition. His well-earned fame did not come in his lifetime and much of his ultimate recognition was due to the devotion and interpretation of a faithful sister.

Sophia was the youngest member of the quartette of sons and daughters who composed the family of John and Cynthia (Dunbar) Thoreau. Her brother John and sister Helen were seven and five years her senior while her brother Henry was only two years older. Sophia and Henry inherited the characteristics of their mother's family and were very much alike in their love of humor, happy dispositions and fondness for nature in all its forms. This last tendency was common to the whole family and it is recorded that: " Both Mr. and Mrs. Thoreau were deeply interested in botany and physical geography. With their children and guests they visited the haunts about Concord, collected specimens of plants, rocks and insects, little realizing that their son was to become America's greatest nature-poet."

Sophia's earliest education was obtained in the excellent dame school kept by Miss Phœbe

Wheeler, where many tiny boys and girls, who afterwards developed into worthy citizens of Concord, were first led along the path of learning. Later, both Sophia and Helen Thoreau attended the Concord Academy where they studied Latin, along with other branches offered in the curriculum.

When she was just entering her teens, Miss Prudence Ward, the granddaughter of a Revolutionary colonel, moved to Concord with her mother and soon became interested in the bright, ambitious little girl who, like her brothers and sisters, was endowed with a distinct and unmistakable personality of her own. It was Miss Ward who encouraged her interest in art and botany and taught her much about these branches.

While Sophia was growing up, she entered into all the frolics and good times of the girls of her age and was intimate with the daughters of the Hoar, Whiting, Brooks and Ripley households, in fact with the young people of most of the old Concord families. She was, in her girlhood, a friend of Ellen Sewall, the young girl who was beloved by both the Thoreau brothers and whom Henry forbore to seek as his wife, out of deference to his elder

brother. This friendship continued through all the variations of the romance and lasted as long as the two women lived. But her chief and dearest associate was her sister, Helen.

After Helen's school-days were over, the two were separated for a time while the elder sister taught in Taunton; but, at length, she thought that she would open a private school in Roxbury and wanted Sophia to share in the venture. John, who had also taught in Taunton, had carried out a similar plan in Concord, where he and Henry had conducted a school together; and the two sisters were enthusiastic over their own undertaking. There is very little known about this school or what branches Sophia taught, but the letters which she wrote at this time show her genuine interest in botany; for she describes walks which she had taken about Roxbury to find early spring flowers which did not grow around Concord.

Sometime during this period, both Helen and Sophia became members of the Episcopal church and remained devoted churchwomen all through their lives. Their brother's interest in "transcendentalism" disturbed the sisters somewhat, as may be seen in passages in their

earlier letters, but they were always united on the essentials of religious thought.

The brothers and sisters were often separated for long periods at a time, as their work carried them far afield and the special intimacy at first existed between the two brothers and the two sisters. But Fate decreed that the two youngest were to become all in all to each other. In the spring of 1842, John Thoreau died under singularly pitiful circumstances and, in 1849, when Sophia was just entering her thirtieth year, the sister who had been her closest friend also died. Soon after, the family moved to the house on Main Street, which remained their home for twenty-five years, and here began the closer intimacy between the remaining brother and sister.

The members of his family had always looked upon Henry Thoreau with profound admiration and their faith in him was his inspiration when his fellow-townsmen considered him an oddity and when the general public continued to misunderstand him. Helen had always been particularly proud of her brother and confident of his success, but she died before his genius had met with any wide appreciation. It was left to the younger sister to continue

to sustain him in times of disappointment and to encourage him with her help and companionship, to cheer and ease his last days and, finally, to clearly interpret him to a public which, at length, appreciated him.

"Henry's letters testify to their common interest in botany and woodcraft and he recorded in his journal, their joint pleasure in watching the evolution of a brilliant moth. During his later life they walked and rowed together and, when strength for exercise failed, Sophia became his companion on long drives and was his faithful scribe." In his turn, he always manifested a great interest in her affairs, helping her in caring for the fine conservatory near the dining-room where she kept her flowers and working to make the garden and outdoor surroundings of their home attractive.

During the two years in which Thoreau was making his experiment at Walden, his sisters were both living and were greatly interested in his plans. He was not entirely separated from his family during these months but came frequently to his father's house and the sisters occasionally went to the little cabin which he had built for himself. In later years, Sophia

often walked with her brother along the shores of the little lake which had become endeared to him by familiarity.

An old friend of the Thoreaus, whose acquaintance with the family began about 1851 and continued for twenty-five years, has given a picture of the family life at this period. "The house was a veritable haven of refuge to one who fled thither from the weary tread and turmoil of the city. Recollections crowd upon me: its undisturbed orderliness, the restful sitting-room where the sun lay all day, passing around the corner of the house and shining in again at the west window in the late winter afternoons, making Sophia's window-plants all-glorious, which some magic in her touch or magnetism of genuine love for the floral family always conjured into wonderfully luxuriant bloom. In memory I walk among her flower-beds (hardly a garden) enjoying the fragrance of the old-time favorites; I see the graceful laburnum in full blossom, and a few steps further bring me to the little pine grove in the corner of their front yard (long since sacrificed to the opening of a new street), where in an instant I am in perfect seclusion; I see the sun glinting through the moving boughs, mak-

ing a dancing mosaic of light and shade on the floor of pine needles; I hear the gentle, sighing voice of the wind through the soft green branches — a lovely retreat, to which no footsteps but those of memory will evermore wander." [1]

"I recall the reading aloud of fresh new books, the evening games of chess and backgammon; the bright, often distinguished people who came to the house; the tea-parties and evening visits; the lyceum lectures on cold winter nights, the walks by field and river, sometime to the old battle-ground where, one early June morning, we turned in to the shady inclosure and Sophia pointed out the unnamed graves of the British soldiers who fell in the fight, their resting-place marked by rough gray stones. . . . If Henry happened to be with us, although we were unobservant of what was beneath our feet, his acute eyes, ever active, would detect Indian arrow-heads, or some implement for domestic purposes made of flint or other hard stone. . . . Occasionally Henry would invite us to go with him in his boat. One of these excursions was in late No-

[1] "Reminiscences of Thoreau," an anonymous article, *The Outlook*, Dec. 2, 1899.

vember, and the weather was of almost unearthly beauty; bees in great multitudes hummed loudly as they lazily floated in the golden slumberous haze only seen in the true Indian summer.

" There was about the household a perennial spring of vivacious life that made its members interesting and attractive even to the young and immature. Its members possessed large stores of anecdote and historical information relative to old Boston and neighboring towns that were always entertaining and instructive. A ready and copious vocabulary was characteristic of every member of the family, and life went on with them so evenly and calmly that talking seemed to be the principal business of the days."

So this beautiful home life continued happily for ten years, until their father died in the winter of 1859. A glimpse of the sister's character is given in one of her brother's letters, written soon after this event, in which he says: " My mother and sister thank you heartily for your sympathy. The latter in particular agrees with you in thinking that it is communion with still living and healthy nature alone which can restore to sane and cheerful views."

"The conspicuous Spartan fortitude in the family character which the mother had taught both by precept and example" was shown by Henry Thoreau in the year of his father's death, when he delivered an encomium on John Brown in Concord at the time of the Harper's Ferry episode. It took unusual courage to take the stand which Thoreau made at this time, for, although the citizens of Concord were for the most part united on the subject of the Civil War, they had not then taken a definite stand on the subject of slavery and even the abolitionists were against John Brown.

Mrs. Thoreau entered with all the zeal of her nature into the anti-slavery agitation and soon made her house a rendezvous for abolitionists. Her daughter shared her enthusiasm and it was through their mutual interest in the anti-slavery cause that she first came into intimacy with the family of Deacon Wheeler. Sophia's special friend, Martha Bartlett, daughter of the village physician and niece of the famous Mrs. Ripley, shared her enthusiasm for chess-playing and the two spent many evenings in the enjoyment of their favorite game. "Henry invariably came down from his study for a while in the evening for conver-

sation; the sound of the piano was sure to draw him. Sophia would play the oldtime music, notably Scotch melodies, which so well suited her flexible voice, and those quaint ballads of a past generation, whose airs were often so plaintive and with so much of heartbreak in the words. . . . Often Henry would suddenly cease singing and catch up his flute, and, musical as was his voice, yet it was a delight never to be forgotten to listen to the silvery tones that breathed from the instrument.

"Sophia had an artistic temperament and skill. She had an admirably balanced nature, and plenty of sentiment of a healthy kind; there was no waste or superfluity in any direction, and this equilibrium was her defense, and sustained her under the clouds of sorrow and sickness which overshadowed so much of her life. Henry and Sophia were in perfect accord and her thorough knowledge of botany formed a special bond of sympathy between them. Henry placed great reliance — as did all who knew her — on his sister's rare judgment and ability in practical matters, and he was himself a shrewd, practical man in affairs of everyday life."

In December, 1860, only a little more than

a year after his father's death, Henry Thoreau showed the first symptoms of that disease which gained a hold upon him until he finally succumbed to it in May, 1862, seventeen months later. But these months, shadowed as they must have been by the approach of death, were, nevertheless, happy ones for the devoted sister; and in them the intimacy of years grew stronger. During all the seventeen months, according to her own testimony, not a murmur escaped him, he seemed to be never affected by his illness and she never saw such an example of the power of spirit over matter.

The parlor of the house was given over to the invalid: but it never seemed like a sick-room, for it was continually filled with flowers, pictures and books, and Thoreau's cheerful presence dominated it; and his cheerfulness was so contagious that mother, sister and guests were all influenced by it. He continued to busy himself all through his sickness and, during the last months of his life, edited many papers for the press. Among his sister's most precious memories in after years were the thoughts of these hours when she sat in the little parlor and assisted him by copying for him and reading aloud from his manuscript.

In April, 1862, she wrote: "My dear brother has survived the winter and we should be most thankful if he might linger to welcome the green grass and the flowers once more. . . . Since autumn he has been gradually failing and is now the embodiment of weakness, still he enjoys seeing his friends, and every bright hour he devotes to his manuscript which he is preparing for publication. For many weeks, he has spoken only in a faint whisper. Henry accepts this dispensation with such childlike trust and is so happy that I feel as if he were being translated, rather than dying in the ordinary way of most mortals." Their wish was gratified; for the invalid lived a month longer and saw the spring flowers he loved so well before "something beautiful happened," and he was translated.

Twenty years previous, after the first and greatest sorrow of his life had come to him with the sudden death of his brother, John, Thoreau had written: "What right have I to grieve who have not ceased to wonder? We feel at first as if some opportunities of kindness and sympathy were lost but learn afterwards that any pure grief is ample recompense for all. That is, if we are faithful; for a great

grief is but sympathy with the soul that disposes events, and is as natural as the resin on Arabian trees. Only Nature has a right to grieve perpetually, for she only is innocent. Soon the ice will melt and the blackbirds sing along the river which he frequented, as pleasantly as ever. The same everlasting serenity will appear in this face of God, and we will not be sorrowful, if he is not."

The above lines have often been quoted as an illustration of the beautiful faith and optimism of Henry Thoreau, but the words which show that his sister shared this trait of character are less well-known. They are found in nearly every letter to old friends written after her brother's death. I quote at random.

"Profound joy mingles with my grief. I feel as if something beautiful had happened, not death." And again: "No shadow of gloom attaches to anything in my mind connected with my precious brother. Henry's whole life impresses me as a grand miracle. I always thought him the most upright man I ever knew and now it is a pleasure to praise him."

But the threads of life had to be taken up again and new problems met Sophia Thoreau.

The chief source of the family income had been, for years, the manufacture and preparation of plumbago for electrotyping and, originally, pencil-making. The family had first moved to the house on Main Street where they made their home for so many years, in order that the work of pencil-making might be carried on in the little shop attached to the house. All the children had some knowledge of their father's trade and it is quite probable that, at some time, Sophia learned its mysteries. After his father's death, Henry Thoreau had carried on the business for the benefit of his mother and sister and, when he died, Sophia conducted it for a time. The actual manufacture of pencils was no longer carried on but the grinding and preparation of plumbago was still done in a mill a few miles away and Miss Thoreau became the head of this business. It was rare for a woman, in those days, to be actively interested in business matters and her path was not an easy one. That she was successful, in spite of illness and care, is an illustration of her ability.

A few months after her son's death, Mrs. Thoreau met with a painful accident from which she never fully recovered although she

lived for several years. In the midst of that trying winter, Sophia wrote to their friend, Mr. Ricketson, "Mother and myself live almost wholly in the past. Henry is ever in our thoughts. I feel continually sustained and cheered by the influence of his childlike faith." Later she wrote: "I often think how much Henry is spared when I realize the terrible state of our country, — it would have darkened his sky — he was most sensitive."

Once her splendid courage wavered a little and she wrote pathetically, "I have passed the round of a year with no earthly friend to lean upon — and often overwhelmed with care, I so miss the counsels of my precious brother, who was never cast down and who in every emergency could make the light shine, that I confess my heart is at times heavy."

In the first two years following her brother's death she was far from strong; but, after a little rest and change away from Concord, she wrote to Mr. Ricketson that she was able to walk five and six miles with ease. She used to love to revisit the old haunts where she and her brother had spent happy hours, and especially Walden. Once she writes of going to his little house, which had been moved to the northern

part of the town, and of eating her dinner under its roof, with only the mice for company.

But, as the years went on, she found less and less consolation in this manner, for Walden became popular with the public and the attractions of a picnic resort were built on its shores. Writing of one of her last visits to the pond, in 1867, she said: " Associations have rendered the spot so entirely sacred to me, that the music and dancing, swinging and tilting seemed like profanity almost. An overwhelming sense of my great loss saddened me, and I felt that only the waters sympathized in my bereavement, for there seemed in all that throng no heart nor eye to appreciate the purity and beauty of nature. The lover of Walden has indeed departed. I recalled my last day spent there with Henry —

" 'Sweet September Day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.'

While I sat sketching, Henry gathered grapes from a vine, dropping its fruit into the clear waters which gently laved its roots.

" With the lapse of time my sense of loneliness increases and I often fail to realize that

each day shortens my separation from those who have gone before."

As her life went on, her cares steadily increased; for her mother, who lived for ten years after her son's death, never entirely recovered from her accident and later succumbed to the family scourge, consumption. Her household at one time was increased by two aged aunts; but, in their last years, they made their home in Maine and she and her mother remained in Concord. "Mrs. Thoreau kept her hopefulness and courage under the constant disability of feebleness of body, yet complaints she never uttered, and her stately though frail figure sitting year after year in her straight-backed chair was a picture of patience and brave endurance. Ever ready to be interested in passing events, expressing keen opinions or offering valuable suggestions, her hold on life was firm, and it was almost a surprise when she at last yielded to the inevitable and submitted to lie several days in bed before the end came. To a friend who visited her at this period Mrs. Thoreau recited Cato's soliloquy with perfect composure and contentment. Well might a gifted woman exclaim, 'She looks like a queen,'

when death at last had claimed the resolute spirit, and she lay silently receiving her guests for the last time."

During her mother's lifetime, Miss Thoreau occasionally went away from home for short visits, but she was never able to prolong her absence. Miss Jane Hosmer of Concord remembers with pleasure her companionship with Miss Thoreau on one of her short holidays. They went to Springfield to visit in the family of Mr. Sanborn and then visited the White Mountains, going to the very top of Mt. Washington. During this pleasant journey, Miss Thoreau kept a diary and recorded the events of each day in a book which her brother Henry had begun as a commonplace book. This interesting manuscript is now in the possession of a gentleman in St. Louis.

She was at all times most heartily welcomed in the household of Mr. Daniel Ricketson, an old friend of her brother and herself. Mr. Ricketson's daughter remembers her well and thus writes of her: "She had a rare appreciation of all that was beautiful either in nature or in mankind. A most devoted daughter and sister, it was her pleasure to give up all that nature had endowed her

with to minister to them and heroically held her part until her mother passed on, when she became a great sufferer and closed her beautiful life, in which she had found so much to enjoy in spite of disappointments and great losses. My recollection of her is of a fine, gentle, sweet nature, but she possessed great firmness of character and was always on the side of justice. In looking back into the past, I recall no woman of my acquaintance more noble than Miss Sophia Thoreau."

After her mother died, it seemed as if her work was nearly finished, for she had cared for the last of her loved ones and had expended her best energies in editing her brother's manuscripts. Only two of Thoreau's books were published during his lifetime, and it was her coöperation with his literary friends which caused his work to finally be truly interpreted. She decided that it would be best for her to leave Concord for Bangor, Maine, where her few surviving relatives were living, because she realized that as time went on she would need constant care which would be given her in the home of her cousin.

Her friends in Bangor were always kind to her but the household where she lived was not

dominated by the cheery optimism which had always pervaded her own home. With her naturally cheerful spirit, she endeavored to make the best of the situation and her action on coming to the home was indicative of her entire life there. "When she went into the house her room like all the others was intensely dark that the carpet might not fade. She threw open the blinds and said, "Cousin, I must have sunshine. I have always had it, and when the carpet fades, I will buy another." So it happened that as invalidism grew upon her she was surrounded, just as her brother had been, with pictures, books and flowers. But she must have spent many lonely hours, for she missed the intellectual sympathy which she had so long enjoyed in Concord.

That her spirit was unbroken is shown in one of the last letters she was able to write before her death. "You will be glad to know that notwithstanding my invalid condition I have been able to get much satisfaction out of life. Memories of the past afford me true consolation. I feel as if I had been singled out for peculiar blessings. No sad hours as yet have befallen me — they may come. Thus far, through Divine blessing, my soul is per-

mitted to dwell in an atmosphere of cheerfulness and I am now conscious of the Infinite tenderness which overshadows all God's children." To the end, "In all things she found sunshine."

So at length came that October day when she joined her loved ones, and friendly faces gathered around the little plot of ground in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery where the family, whose whole life had been a part of Concord, found its last home. Her own words about her dearly-loved brother seem best to describe her brave and loyal soul, for *she* also possessed "a spirit so attuned to the harmonies of Nature that the colors of the sky, the fragrance of the flowers and the music of the birds ministered unceasingly to *her* pleasure" and she too was "the happiest of mortals."

ELIZA W. S. PARKMAN

"A ministering angel shall my sister be."

— SHAKESPEARE.

ELIZA W. S. PARKMAN

It is a curious coincidence that two of the most popular modern historians should have been peculiarly dependent upon a younger sister. Thomas Macaulay relied on his sister, Hannah, for companionship in her youth and for advice and criticism in her maturity; Francis Parkman depended on his youngest sister, Eliza, for necessary assistance, without which it would have been impossible for him to have completed his monumental work.

The peculiar difficulties which surrounded the literary undertakings of Francis Parkman have been recounted in his biography; but the story of the sweet, reserved woman, whose whole life was absorbed in his interests, is not known outside of her family and a circle of friends and acquaintances. Her life was, in a sense, uneventful and yet it was closely allied with the outside world because the world is richer, to-day, for her self-sacrifice.

The youngest daughter of Francis and Caroline (Hall) Parkman was born nine years

after her eldest brother and, as he spent five years of his boyhood, between his eighth and thirteenth years, on his grandfather's farm in Medford, she did not see him very frequently, until she was a little maid of five summers. At that time, the family was living in what was known as the "Gore House" because it had been built by Mr. Samuel Gore, and, when her brother returned to his parents' home in Boston, he immediately took possession of the unused barn in the rear of this house. Here he and his cousins and several boys of their age established a theatre in the loft. For two winters they gave quite elaborate performances, which were attended by their young relatives, friends and admiring neighbors. It is quite possible that the little Eliza was admitted to the ranks of the spectators on these occasions, and at other times when the youthful experimenter in the field of science gave grand exhibitions in the shed which his father had caused to be fitted up as his laboratory. It is possible that she was allowed to be in the row of awe-struck little girls who permitted Francis to administer an electrical shock while they stood holding each other by the hand.

Certainly her admiration for this wonderful

big brother grew apace until finally she manifested it when an opportunity came for serving him in her fourteenth year. At that time, young Parkman, who had already graduated from college and was completing his third term at the Law School, was living at home because he was not well. The weakness of the eyes which proved such a severe handicap in his work in future years then made it necessary for him to have someone to read to him; and so the little sister read him a stumpy volume of Blackstone and, on one day at least, Frithiof's Saga. "The girl was shy about reading poetry and the admired big brother, perceiving her diffidence, turned and praised her. Then and always his careless seeming but instinctive tenderness knit bonds that grew stronger all through their lives."

At this time the family was living in Bowdoin Square in the stately mansion which had been built by Samuel Parkman, the poet's grandfather, for his own residence. His daughter and son-in-law had occupied it after his death until about 1840, when it became the home of Francis Parkman and his family. No one visiting that portion of Boston to-day could imagine the charm of the neighborhood,

three quarters of a century ago, when it was considered a most desirable place of residence.

Then the tree-shaded square made a pleasant setting for the fine old house which "was an excellent specimen of the Colonial residences once so common in and around Boston, a large square house, three stories in height, and built of brick. . . . There was a 'front yard' enclosed by a light and simple iron fence with tall square pillars at the corners. In the rear was a large paved court-yard and, beyond that, where the land sloped rapidly to the north, a garden divided into terraces, one below the other, and devoted to the cultivation of fruits rather than of flowers. The flavor of a certain choice variety of bergamot pear which grew there still lingers in the memory of those who were ever so fortunate as to taste it."

In this beautiful home Eliza Parkman spent her girlhood and grew into womanhood. Her father's church, the New North Church, of which her great-great-grandfather had been a founder and her grandfather, Samuel, a deacon, was located near by and the home of a clergyman was naturally a centre of hospitality. The family "belonged by birth and tra-

dition to the gentry of New England" and to the best Boston society of the period. But it was not only the aristocratic and affluent who were made welcome but everyone who sought the home of the clergyman, for it has been said of the Rev. Francis Parkman that "He was particularly kind to the unattractive." His wife was "a tender, loving, dutiful, unselfish woman whose interest in life did not often travel beyond the threshold of her home." But she shared her husband's desire to keep their house open to all and "happy memories long lingered of that spacious, hospitable mansion, graced by a household into which it was an unspeakable privilege for a child to have been born."

During these years the friendship which had sprung up between the little fourteen-year-old sister and the young law student did not have opportunity to develop very rapidly, for Francis Parkman was away from home most of the time between 1845 and 1850. First, he traveled for pleasure, and, later, went on the most ambitious of all his expeditions, "the Oregon Trail," and then sought medical treatment in various places for his rapidly-failing health.

These were busy years for the sister, for she was now finishing her education at the school for girls conducted by Mr. George Emerson which so many Boston girls of the period attended, and she was enjoying all the simple girlish pleasures which filled the lives of girls in those times. When her brother spent several months at home previous to his marriage to Miss Bigelow in 1850, he found that his little sister had grown into an attractive young lady of eighteen. She saw her brother more frequently now that he had a home of his own; for she sometimes visited in the cottage at Milton Lower Falls where her brother and his bride first went to housekeeping, and later at his home in Brookline where a baby niece enlivened the household; and, in the winter months, the young couple were in Boston either in the Parkman or the Bigelow households.

Rev. Francis Parkman resigned his position in 1849, after a pastorate of thirty-seven years, but the family continued to live in the old Bowdoin Square mansion until 1854, two years after his death, when they removed to a house on Walnut Street, in another quarter of the city. Meanwhile Francis Parkman had

bought about three acres of land on the shores of Jamaica Pond and had there established a permanent home in the country which his childhood experience had taught him to love. This beautiful home was destined to be very dear to his sister also; because, for many years, she passed the summer months under its roof.

Parkman and his wife had not been established in this new home more than five or six years when he was left a widower; and afterwards, when he was not traveling, his home was always with his mother and sisters. Returning to Boston in 1859, after the European tour in which he had sought vainly to recover his health, he took up his abode in his mother's house; where he continued to pass each winter, spending the warm months at his own little cottage at Jamaica Pond. This arrangement continued for the rest of his life.

Up to this time, Parkman had published only one volume, "The Oregon Trail," which had appeared just before his marriage; but, in the ten intervening years, he had never lost sight of the purpose which he had formed in his undergraduate days of writing the history of the French and Indian War; and he had been preparing himself for the great task. In 1865,

he had the satisfaction of publishing "The Pioneers of France," the first volume in the series he had planned, but he had not accomplished this without difficulty and it seemed probable that he would never reach the goal of his ambition; for the condition of his health "made the least literary effort suicidal and he was called upon to face the certainty of permanent invalidism."

Horticulture, in which he had become interested in the early years of the Civil War, now became his chief interest; and in the many months when all literary work was impossible to him, he found a solace in his beautiful garden on the shores of Jamaica Pond. This garden became famous all through the region and his roses brought prize after prize at the various shows. And there it was that Holmes pictured him when he wrote:

"Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
The sweet-breathed roses which he loved so well,
While through long years his burdening cross he bore,
From those firm lips no coward accents fell."

His sister and mother took a great interest in his work and his sister's diary is full of references to his flowers; as, for instance, in

1863, when she writes, " June 27th, Rose Show, Grace (his daughter) and I drove in with F. and arranged the flowers," and again, in 1867, " Sept. 25th, Mother is 75 to-day. F. brought in white roses."

This was the year in which Parkman's second history appeared: but he had completed the volume at the cost of much physical energy and, later in the year, his sister wrote in her diary: " Frank has determined to go to Paris for the winter. His head seems a little better, but he cannot do much with it and he would rather be idle there than here. He seems disposed to go, and in good spirits so we are very glad to have him — but it leaves a great gap."

Well might she write, " it leaves a great gap," for she had already begun her work for her brother, which was to increase steadily as time went on. She had known from childhood that her brother's life was dominated by one great ambition, for she had been a little girl when he made his great resolve. But it was not until after he had published the first volume of his history that she realized that she could have a part in its realization. Parkman's eyesight was so poor that he could not write himself and she gladly volunteered to act as his

amanuensis. The family had made another change of residence in 1864, when they moved to the house at No. 50 Chestnut Street, which was Miss Parkman's home for more than forty years. The third floor of this house was given over to the historian's exclusive use; and here in his study, his sister established her own little corner by the window where she could write at his dictation whenever he had need of her.

In this charming section of old Boston, undisturbed by the noise and bustle of the rapidly growing city, Mrs. Parkman and her daughters led a rather quiet life for several years, during which the inevitable family changes took place. One daughter was married, another died; and then Mrs. Parkman herself, who had been for many years in delicate health, succumbed to a long and painful illness in the summer of 1871. Her death was followed in a few months by that of her younger son, John Eliot, who "in his frequent sojourns at home had made the domestic atmosphere sunny with abundant humour and vivacity." So, like Hannah Macaulay, Eliza Parkman, the little sister, was left to live her life as the comrade and boon companion of the scholar brother so much her senior.

RESIDENCE OF FRANCIS PARKMAN AT JAMAICA POND.

The years which immediately followed were not easy ones for her, because Francis Parkman was passing through the most trying period of his life, when he suffered most from pain and anxiety and from the effects of his self-centred efforts to drive on his work. Their intimate friends were somewhat fearful lest his absorption in his work and her sympathy with it would affect his sister's happiness. But his sister herself had no fears for the future, she saw an opportunity for service and, with no thought of self, determined to aid him in accomplishing his self-imposed task.

She understood something of what his project meant to him and resolved that it should be achieved; but first, she realized his need of physical rest and change and encouraged him to go abroad again, after their mother's death, agreeing to meet him in Paris. She made an extensive European tour with a friend, the first of many subsequent trips to Europe, and when she and her brother returned from France, she entered with interest into his building project at Jamaica Pond. At this time Parkman replaced the modest cottage which he had originally built with a more pretentious house. Into this home he built a family relic

in the shape of the carved balusters from the old family mansion on Bowdoin Square, which was about to be demolished.

But Miss Parkman was more than the companion of his travels and his domestic life, she became his chief literary aid, for Parkman was more dependent upon the help of others than any other writer. "There were years when he was able to read only one minute at a time, resting the next minute and reading again the third and so on for half an hour, and when three or four of these broken half hours were all the reading he was allowed during the day. Of course he could not write and all his histories were dictated to a member of his family who prepared them for the press."

The "member of his family" who aided him most often was his sister; for though she did not always act as his amanuensis, she was his most frequent and favorite one. Parkman employed many people, at various times, to carry on his researches but it was not everyone whom he could trust with his dictation and his sister generally performed this difficult and delicate task. She may truly be said to have literally written six of the volumes of his history, inditing each word as it fell from the his-

torian's lips as he sat shading his eyes from the light before his study fire, while she wrote rapidly at the table in the window. At first her brother did not seem to realize how much he relied upon her: but her sympathetic understanding and her quick perception, trained by years of constant association with his scholarly mind, came to have an influence upon him which he realized most fully when his great work was completed, his boyhood's ambition was realized, and she helped him with the happy solution of the title for his last volume which finished what had in truth been "A Half-Century of Conflict."

But, although he was so very dependent upon others for research and mechanical work, Parkman guarded his literary schemes and plans with the utmost secrecy. If his sister was at first disturbed by this barrier between them which he erected through the very intensity of his strong independent spirit, she gave no sign, although their friends sometimes surmised that she might be rather lonely in the midst of her patient devotion. But she had her reward; for, as years passed, their common traits of character, their conservative opinions, common literary interests, and love of sim-

plicity, decorum and cheerfulness drew them closer, and finally their happiness together was well-nigh perfect.

Parkman's natural reserve was also characteristic of his sister; and, " when he discussed the dedication of one of his volumes to her, they both concluded that they did not wish to make such a revelation of their affection to the public," and, like Robert Browning, he never made reference to his dependence upon his sister in the outside world. But to his intimates, he acknowledged his appreciation of her and more than once said to a friend, " My sister is a wonderful woman."

Near the close of his life, the historian expressed his feelings in the following extract from a letter to her: " I have received from you a card, a note, and a bundle, of which the last two came yesterday. All are most welcome. I should be a very discreet young man if I were as thoughtful for myself as you are for me. You are the beau ideal of sisterhood, of which I am always affectionately conscious, though I do not say much." Certainly the words of Parkman's biographer, Mr. Farnum, are not too strong, when he says: " The helpful friendship which Miss Parkman bestowed

on her brother is not often to be matched in literary history, and ihs success was due in a large measure to her services and sympathy."

They had many kindred interests besides literature. The historian was possessed of a fund of anecdote and a keen sense of humor. This was often called forth by the young people in the household; for the historian's daughters, who were living with his wife's sister, were frequently with him; as were also his young nieces and friends. The household was in no sense an abode of permanent invalidism, for the scholar himself would not have it so and enlivened it with his own flashes of humor. Of necessity, it had to be a quiet home and so reading was the favorite occupation of the brother and sister in the long winter evenings. The two would sit in the pleasant back parlor of the Chestnut Street house while Miss Parkman read aloud always, from *The Nation,* whose articles they enjoyed discussing together, and sometimes from Miss Austen or some other favorite novelist, for their tastes in literature were similar.

Miss Parkman frequently accompanied her brother on his travels in Europe and in this

country, and was always his companion during the summer months in the house at Jamaica Pond. A beautiful tribute to her has recently been written by the clergyman who was then pastor of the Brookline parish she attended and afterwards became pastor of King's Chapel in Boston, which she attended as long as she lived.

"Miss Eliza Parkman, the sister of the historian, generally walked from her home on the banks of Jamaica Pond, unattended. When I think of her face and presence, it is like recalling the impression of a Greek goddess of the highest type. There was in her the same air of fathomless serenity. She was a very emblem of all sweet and sunlit peace. One cannot always tell what lies behind the human countenance, but in her case one felt sure of a quiet heart. Like the touch of a 'cool hand on a fevered brow,' so was the touch of her personality on the distempers and anxieties that one might bring into her presence."

To the end of his life, the historian was very fond of rowing and was expert in the management of a boat. He always rowed for an hour daily, when at Jamaica Pond, and Mr. Farnum has given a picture of this daily diversion.

" Such frequent turns on a lake only a quarter of a mile across would have become insufferably tedious without some means of mental entertainment. He therefore enlarged the Pond by the use of far-off names such as the Cape of Good Hope and Bering's Sea; peopling each region with the lions or the whales appropriate to the surroundings. He kept in its depths a terrible ichthyosaurus and a fearful sea-serpent. To the very cats along the shore — seen or unseen — he gave names, characters and the most astonishing experiences. The family of muskrats on the bit of an island were visited daily to watch their building and domestic doings. One day he found that a muskrat had brought a leaf of grass and put it on top of a rock sticking above the water, whereupon he named the rock 'the shrine.' When his sister was with him he would let the boat stop beside it for a minute or two, then ask, with a reverential and serious air, 'Are you ready to leave?' and move off in silence."

This rose-embowered home had grown so dear to both brother and sister that they dreaded to think of the time when they could enjoy it no longer; but they both knew that the time was swiftly coming, for the city of

Boston had notified them that the land they owned must be included in the new park. But before the day came, the historian had breathed his last in the spot he loved so well. The place is fittingly marked to-day, by the stone seat which his friends erected on the site of his former home, where every wayfarer may be reminded of its associations with a great American.

After her brother's death, Miss Parkman was ill for many months, for the shock of her sudden bereavement caused her much suffering. She was never quite strong again but she lived for thirteen years in the house on Chestnut Street, varying her life with short journeys and finding much happiness in the friendship of those devoted to her. She never cared to leave the house which love had consecrated for her, but she made it a centre of family interest, and here her nephews and nieces found a second home, and she took real pleasure in the second generation of nephews and nieces who grew up around her; all of them, to-day, rise up and call her blessed. When she died, in September, 1905, Boston lost a true New England gentlewoman of a type which has now almost entirely vanished.

It has been said that Francis Parkman "could not abide Wordsworth and his followers and that he had little sympathy with Thoreau because he felt repelled by what he considered Thoreau's eccentricities, transcendentalism, self-consciousness, and affectation of being natural." Yet the same writer remarks that "Wordsworth alone approached Parkman in his dependence upon women for affectionate service." Who can doubt, under these circumstances, that if the three geniuses in different fields of literature could have met, they would have forgotten their differences in the eager appreciation of the one boon they shared in common, the gift of a sister's devotion. For each of the three was loved by a sister with a love which almost passeth understanding.

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